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Thesis

XAVIER DE MAISTRE THE ROMANTICIST

AND HIS WORKS

Submitted by

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(A. B., Catholic University of America, 1924)

In partial fulfilment of requirements for

the degree of Master of Arts

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XAVIER DE MAISTRE THE ROMANTICIST AND HIS WORKS

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I. CHRONOLOGICAL SUMMARY OF THE LIFE AND WORKS
OF XAVIER DE MAISTRE

- 1763 Born at Chambéry, then capital of Savoy
- 1774 Death of his mother, Mme. de Maistre
- 1781 Enlisted as a volunteer in the Sardinian Army
- 1785-6 In garrison at Exilles and then at Pignerol
- 1787 Left Pignerol for Turin
- 1790 Placed under arrest for duelling
Began in prison his "Voyage autour de ma Chambre"
- 1791 Left Turin for Fenestrelle
- 1792 (September) French troops invaded Savoy
(October) Xavier de Maistre became a voluntary
exile
- 1794 Completed the "Voyage autour de ma Chambre"
- 1795 First edition of Voyage published at Lusanne
without knowledge and name of author
- 1798 Ended military career at Piedmont
Began his "Expédition Nocturne"
- 1799 Left Savoy and took service in the Russian Army
then stationed in Italy
Later, followed General Souvarof to Russia
- 1803 Went from Moscow to St. Petersburg where he
was joined by his brother, Joseph, sent by the
king of Sardinia on a special diplomatic mission
to the court

1. CHRONOLOGICAL SUMMARY OF THE LIFE AND WORKS

ON THE LIFE OF KATIA

1925	Born at Constantinople, then capital of Turkey
1934	Death of his mother, Mrs. A. Katia
1935	Enlisted as a volunteer in the Bulgarian Army
1936-37	In service at Kilia and then at Plovdiv
1937	Left Plovdiv for Sofia
1938	Enlisted in the Bulgarian Army
1939	Enlisted in the Bulgarian Army
1940	Enlisted in the Bulgarian Army
1941	Enlisted in the Bulgarian Army
1942	Enlisted in the Bulgarian Army
1943	Enlisted in the Bulgarian Army
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1996	Enlisted in the Bulgarian Army
1997	Enlisted in the Bulgarian Army
1998	Enlisted in the Bulgarian Army
1999	Enlisted in the Bulgarian Army
2000	Enlisted in the Bulgarian Army

- 1805 Appointed to a post in the Russian Admiralty
- 1807 Appointed Lieutenant-Colonel in the army
- 1809 Appointed Colonel
- 1811 Wrote his "Lépreux de la cité d'Aoste"
- 1813 (February) Married Princess Sophie Zagriatsky
at St. Petersburg
(July) Appointed Major-General
- 1815 Battle of Waterloo in which de Maistre took part
Treaty of Paris
- 1816 Gave up career in the army
- 1817 Joseph de Maistre left St. Petersburg and the
two brothers parted for the last time
- 1819 Began "Les Prisonniers du Caucase" and "La Jeune
Sibérienne"
- 1820 Death of one of his children
- 1821 Death of Joseph de Maistre at Turin
- 1823 Finished "Les Prisonniers du Caucase" and "La
Jeune Sibérienne" begun in 1819
- 1825 Publication of "Oeuvres Complètes of Xavier
de Maistre"
Death of two of his children due to the severe
climate of Russia
- 1826 Went to Italy with his two remaining children
in hope of having them benefit by the change
of climate
- 1828 Last edition of "Oeuvres Complètes" reviewed
by himself

1890	Appointed to a post in the Russian Academy
1891	Appointed Lieutenant-Colonel in the army
1892	Appointed Colonel
1893	Wrote his "Lectures on the History of Russia"
1894	(Secretary) Russian Embassy to the Legation
	at St. Petersburg
	(Chief) Appointed Major-General
1895	Left for service in China to relieve the 2nd
	Regiment of the 1st
1896	Gave up service in the army
1897	Joined the Russian 1st St. Petersburg and the
	two divisions served for the last time
1898	Wrote "The Russian in Germany" and "The
	German in Russia"
1899	Wrote of one of his children
1900	Wrote of Joseph de Maistre at Turin
1901	Wrote "The Russian in Germany" and "The
1902	German in Russia" began in 1901
1903	Publication of "Russian Society of Russia"
	at Moscow
	Death of two of his children due to the severe
	climate of Russia
1904	Went to Italy with his two remaining children
	in hope of having them benefit by the climate
	of climate
1905	Last edition of "Russian Society" revised
	by himself

- 1830 Death of another one of his children
- 1832 Death of his sister Thérèse whom he loved
- 1836 Death of his last brother, Nicholas
- 1837 Death of his only surviving child, Arthur
- 1838 (July) Left Italy
(November) Visited Paris
- 1839 Left Paris and returned to Russia
- 1851 Death of Mme. de Maistre, wife of Xavier de Maistre
- 1852 Death of Xavier de Maistre at St. Petersburg

Death of another one of his children	1930
Death of his wife, Maria, who he loved	1932
Death of his last brother, Nicholas	1933
Death of his only surviving child, Andrew	1937
(Left) left Italy	1940
(November) visited Paris	
Left Paris and returned to Russia	1941
Death of Mrs. de Kessler, wife of David de	1942
Kessler	
Death of Kessler as Minister of the Interior	1943

II. ROMANTICISM IN GENERAL

The great "Romantic Movement" of the nineteenth century came as a reform measure in the literary world. The lack of originality and the slavish imitation of Greek and Roman poets by the classic writers had continued for almost three hundred years. During the eighteenth century this was partly counterbalanced by individual genius, an enlargement of the range of thought and familiarity with foreign literature. But the nineteenth century was to complete the work. It was to break up and discard the literary forms which had already become stiff and useless, to improve those that were retained by giving them new life and greater variety, to invent new forms if necessary and to enrich the working vocabulary of the language.

In the "Literary Movement in France during the Nineteenth Century", Pellissier speaks of this change:

"While the spirit of innovation was being propagated in every direction, conservatism sought to defend consecrated forms. In vain did it invoke respect for masters, and the authority of rulers; in spite of their talents, writers who imitated masters and submitted themselves to rules could not produce other than works destined to mediocrity since they lacked inspiration. They were foredoomed because the traditions by which they were inspired had long been exhausted." (p.98)

After the Revolution a great change began to make itself felt in the thought and literature of the whole of western Europe. France, the center of the Revolution, was late,

however, in applying herself to literary rebellion, for her energies had other outlets. The minds of men were occupied only with wars, politics, and the tyrannical protection of Napoleon, and they had little time or inclination to cultivate letters. The literary spirit needed to be revived, for literature, both during the time of the Revolution and under the Empire, was unproductive. The transformation of the moral, social and political world which followed as a natural consequence of the Revolution, gradually spread to the intellectual world, and affected all departments of thought and all literary standards and modes of expression. A new society with new ideas and new tastes was bound to introduce a new type of literature. This change in the literary field may be conveniently summed up in the phrase: "The Romantic Revolt", since it took the form of a revolt against the methods and traditions of Classicism. What Romanticism sought to attain in France was "an effort for freedom, passion, originality, as against rule, authority, convention."

The meaning of these vague terms Romantic and Romanticism can best be explained in the words of Mr. Charles Vaughan in his book entitled: "The Romantic Revolt":

"In the narrow and more usual sense they point to that love of vivid coloring and strongly marked contrasts, that craving for the unfamiliar, the marvellous, the supernatural, which played so large a part in the literature of this period, particularly in its later phases. In the wider and less definite sense, they may be used to signify that revolt from the purely intellectual view of man's nature, that recognition of the rights of the emotions, the instincts and the passions, that vague intimation of sympathy between man and the world around him--in one word, the sense of mystery which, with more or less clearness of utterance, inspires all that is

however, in applying himself to literary criticism, he has en-
lightened and other critics. The study of literature is not only
with great interest, but the theoretical problems of literature
and they had found time to devote to literary criticism.
The literary critic is called to be a critic, for literature, both
during the time of the Revolution and after the Empire, was an
expression of the organization of the mind, society and politics.
That world which followed as a natural consequence of the Rev-
olution, gradually opened to the intellectual world, and allowed
all departments of thought and all literary standards and values
of expression. A new society with new laws and new spirit was
born in literature: a new type of literature. This change in
the literary field may be conveniently summed up in the phrase:
"The Romantic Revolt", which is the term of a revolt a-
gainst the methods and traditions of literature. That Revolt
which sought to arrive in France and the other countries
possessed, originally, an idealistic and romantic character.
The mission of these writers to the French and English
can best be explained in the words of Dr. Charles Johnson
in his book entitled: "The Romantic Revolt":

"In the course of these years they tried
to find a new and more human way of
expression, that was to be more
valuable, less material, which placed its
goal in the discovery of this world, the world
of the human mind. In the midst of the
struggle, they may be said to have found a new
the purely intellectual view of man's nature, that
revelation of the truth of the soul, the in-
tellect and the passions, that was the basis of
the new world and the new world order. It
was the discovery of the human mind, with its
its elements of thought, feeling and will."

best, all that is most characteristic, in the literature of the last half of the eighteenth century."
(p. 3)

What were the changes which the country in general had undergone, and what were the results on the literary tastes and the literature of the day?

As a result of the prolonged Napoleonic wars there was an intermingling of classes and of races in the French nation. There was no longer a strong line of demarcation between the aristocracy and the bourgeoisie. The consequences from a literary point of view were considerable. It was no longer to a reading public, which centered around a few of the literary salons of Paris, that the writer must appeal, but to the public at large. With the fusion of the classes "ce qui a disparu...c'est ce qu'on appelait autrefois le goût".. "What was formerly called taste had disappeared." The authors formerly strove to attain in their works a certain degree of perfection which would appeal to this taste, and by means of it they endeavored to reach the people. Their work was of the objective type----all worked "pour le goût". But when this taste had disappeared and belief in it had also disappeared, the writers no longer had this objective. They worked now, not "pour le goût" but rather "selon son goût". They sought only to satisfy themselves in their writings, and to present to the public a work which had conformed to the canons of their own taste, and which they judged worthy of presentation. Their work thus became entirely subjective. Such literature could not, in the ordinary course of events, be subject to fixed principles and rules;

best, all that is most characteristic, in the last
century of the last half of the eighteenth century.
(p. 3)

What was the character which the country in general had
before, and what were the results of the literary changes and
the character of the day?

In a review of the principal works there was an
interesting of classes and of men in the French nation. There
was no longer a strong line of demarcation between the relation
and the bourgeoisie. The bourgeoisie from a literary
point of view were considerable. It was no longer in a position
public, which rendered around a ray of the literary scene of
Paris, that the writer must appeal, not to the public at large.
With the fusion of the classes "we are a little less
in an appeal to the public in fact." What was formerly called
taste had disappeared. The authors formerly sought to attain
in their works a certain degree of perfection which would appeal
to this taste, and by means of it they endeavored to reach
the people. Their work was of the objective type---all worked
"taste is gone." But when this taste had disappeared and
believed in it had also disappeared, the authors no longer had
their objective. They worked now, not "taste is gone" but
rather "taste is gone." They sought only to satisfy their
selves in their writings, and to present to the public a work
which had conformed to the notions of their own taste, and which
they judged worthy of presentation. Their work thus passed in-
directly subjective. Their intention would not, in the ordinary
course of events, be subject to that criticism and value;

consequently each author became as it were, a rule to himself and the literature became individual and personal.

The characteristics of this new literature are brought out by M. Emile Faguet in his "Introduction aux Tomes VII and VIII" of Petit de Julleville's "Histoire de la langue et de la littérature française". He says:

"Une littérature individuelle, une littérature où chaque auteur vise un objet, qui n'est pas ou qu'il ne croit pas extérieur à lui, mais en lui, est donc comme dominée par l'imagination et la sensibilité. Elle ne l'est plus par la raison, elle ne l'est plus par le goût.....Le 'dérèglement' c'est-à-dire l'affranchissement de la littérature.....; est la suite naturelle de la disparition de l'idée du goût, qui est l'effet, naturel aussi, du mélange des classes survenu à la suite de la Révolution et de l'Empire."

"Individual literature in which each author sees an object which, in his opinion, is not outside of himself, but within himself, is ruled by imagination and feeling. It is no longer ruled by reason or by taste.....it is no longer dominated by rules....This absence of rule, this freedom in literature, is the result of the disappearance of taste, which is in turn the inevitable consequence of the mingling of classes after the Revolution and under the Empire."

This Revolutionary struggle also mingled, in a measure, the races on the continent. It let down, as it were, the barriers which formerly existed between nations, and by rendering communication easier, allowed the people themselves to intermingle. This association exercised an influence on the literature of the country. Familiarity with the literature of other countries made the innovators realize that the French writers were not the only good writers; other countries had some who were equally good, if not better. From that time they endeavored to show that the French

genius was as capable of imagination, feeling, melancholy or depth as the geniuses of other nations. They no longer confined themselves to the French traditions and, according as they broke away, their works became more interesting and more scholarly.

The chief precursor of Romanticism was J. J. Rousseau. The pioneers of the movement were Chateaubriand and Madame de Staël, both of whom were dominated by the principles: "l'affranchissement et l'exaltation du moi". The latter exercised an important influence by means of her book, "De l'Allemagne" which practically opened up to France the unknown treasures of literature and philosophy which Germany had accumulated on suggestions taken from France. "It is agreed upon all hands," says Beers in his chapter 'The Romantic Movement in France', "that the expressions 'romantisme' and 'littérature romantique' were first invented or imported by Madame de Staël in her L'Allemagne." (p.208)

The literary influence of Chateaubriand can hardly be exaggerated. Théophile Gautier in his "Histoire du Romantisme" says:

"Chateaubriand peut être considéré comme l'aïeul ou, si vous l'aimez mieux, comme le Sachem du Romantisme. Dans le Génie du Christianisme il restaura le cathédrale gotique; dans les Natchez, il rouvrit la grande nature fermée; dans René, il inventa la mélancolie et la passion moderne."

"Chateaubriand may be considered as the grandfather or if you prefer, the sachem of Romanticism. In his 'Genius of Christianity' he restored the gothic cathedral; in 'Natchez' he reopened the sublimity of nature; in 'Rene' he invented melancholy and modern passion."

Chateaubriand's "Génie du Christianisme" was in reality the first manifestation of Romanticism with its new ideas and doctrines. Chateaubriand, however, never called himself a romantic.

But Romanticism as yet had no definite following. It was not until after Napoleon had given way to the Bourbons, in 1815, that the new movement actually triumphed in France, and to this "Restauration" French writers look back as to a Golden Age. The members of the Romantic school were recruited from among the younger writers of the day. Théophile Gautier states: "Dans l'armée Romantique comme dans l'armée d'Italie, tout le monde était jeune." (p.11) "In the Romantic army as in the army of Italy, everybody was young." The older writers were unwilling to lay aside the methods and traditions of classicism, and at first hesitated to accept the tenets of Romanticism. The Romantic Movement found its best expression in four great poets:

"Lamartine, une révolutionnaire sans le savoir, Alfred de Vigny qui donne à la poésie romantique sa forme philosophique et symbolique; Victor Hugo, esprit fougueux et exclusif; Alfred de Musset, le poète de la fantasia." (Larousse)

"Lamartine, a revolutionist without knowing it; Alfred de Vigny who gave romantic poetry its philosophic and symbolic form; Victor Hugo, an exclusive and passionate genius; Alfred de Musset, the poet of fantasy."

In 1820 Lamartine published his "Premières Méditations" in which he treated the old eternal themes of Love, Nature, and Death from a new view point, and thus sounded the first onset of the new movement. It was in the lyric that Romanticism found its most original and perfect expression.

The influence of Victor Hugo whom Larousse calls an "esprit fougueux et exclusif, qui se posa en réformateur ardent et entreprit de tout renouveler, la vers et la langue"- "an exclusive and passionate genius who posed as an ardent reformer and undertook to review both poetry and prose" is seen in the Preface to the Odes and Ballads (1826) and in the Preface to Cromwell in 1827.

"Here the Romantic challenge is definitely thrown down. The subjects are taken by preference from times and countries which the classical tradition had regarded as barbarous. Metres and rhythm are studiously broken; varied and irregular, the language has the utmost possible glow of color as opposed to the cold correctness of classical poetry." (Literary History of France-Faguet)

The real originators of Romanticism, however, were a small group of men who about the year 1823 met at the house of Charles Nodier, and later at his official residence, the Arsenal, and formed what is known as "le Premier Cénacle". They founded the paper called "La Muse Française", which lasted only for two years, 1823-24, but which had, nevertheless, a powerful influence upon nascent Romanticism. Nearly all writers in this periodical were royalists, and for some time the battle was fought on political grounds. Later the question became purely a literary one, and the romantic school proper was born in the famous "Grand Cénacle" in which Hugo was chief poet, and Sainte-Beuve, chief critic.

A bitter struggle ensued between the adherents of the old classic school and those of the new Romantic school. It raged

from 1820-1830 and finally ended with the triumph of Romanticism when Victor Hugo's "Hernani" was performed in the Théâtre-Français. (1830) The representation was a fight between the Classicists and the Romanticists. For a long time the result of the battle was doubtful; at length, however, the opposition gave way and the Romantic drama was an accomplished fact.

" 'Hernani' was fought," says Beers, "because it violated the unities of place and time; because its hero was a Spanish bandit; because in the dialogue a spade was called a spade, and in the verse the lines overlap." (p.199)

"The characters are all Romantic types imbued with strong passions of love or revenge. They are found at times to be untrue to life. 'Hernani' was the symbol of a cause, and as such it was acclaimed, quite apart from its merits." (Omond, T. S. The Romantic Triumph p.217)

Hugo wrote other dramas for stage production, but the failure of his last, "Les Burgraves," (1843) discouraged him from writing for the stage. The end of Romanticism as a definite movement in the literary history of France dates from this time.

From 1880-1890 and finally came with the coming of French-
Italian when Victor Hugo's "Hernani" was performed in the theatre.
Finally, (1898) The representation was a right between the
Catholics and the Protestants. For a long time the people
of the North was divided; at length, however, the opposition
gave way and the dramatic drama was an accomplished fact.

"Hernani" was fought," says Henry, "because
it presented the picture of a man and a woman
the hero was a Catholic knight; because in the his-
tory a knight was called a knight, and in the verse
the lines were." (1898)

The dramatic drama was all dramatic types indeed.
with a strong element of love or passion. They are
found in the history of the theatre. "Hernani" was
the symbol of a knight, and as such it was maintained.
quite apart from the drama." (1898, p. 8) The
dramatic drama was all dramatic types indeed.

Hugo wrote other plays for stage production, but the failure
of his last, "The Hunchback of Notre-Dame" (1831) discouraged him from writing
for the stage. The end of romanticism was a definite movement in
the literary history of France dates from this time.

III. ROMANTICISM OF XAVIER DE MAISTRE

Xavier de Maistre is a true story-teller and knows how to use this gift to advantage. "In this art Sainte-Beuve places him side by side with Merimée as the most perfect teller of tales in simple fashion." (Saintsbury p.433) He belonged to no particular school, consequently he is not obliged to follow any special canons of procedure. In his book entitled "Xavier de Maistre" M. Berthier writes:

"Naturel, simplicité, originalité, équilibre, bonne santé intellectuelle et morale: voilà d'abord ce qui le caractérise. Son oeuvre est menue, mais riche et délicate; c'est une miniature, mais qui a duré et durera plus longtemps que nombre de grands tableaux."

"Naturalness, simplicity, originality, moral and intellectual goodness are what first of all characterize the work of Xavier de Maistre. His work is small, but rich and delicate, a miniature which has lasted and will last longer than a number of great works."

The Romanticists claim him among their number, but he is not consciously a follower of Romanticism. His nearest approach to it is found in his "Expédition Nocturne", although in a lesser degree, in the "Voyage autour de ma Chambre" and, as claimed by some, in "Le Lépreux". This is what we might call Romanticism in name only, for a true Romanticist would have treated these subjects in a manner quite different from that used by Xavier de Maistre.

THE CONSTITUTION OF THE STATE OF TEXAS

Article I. Section 1. All legislative powers herein granted shall be vested in a Congress of the United States, which shall consist of a Senate and House of Representatives.

Section 2. The House of Representatives shall be composed of Members chosen every second Year by the People of the several States, and the Electors in each State shall have the Qualifications requisite for Electors of the most numerous Branch of the State Legislature.

Section 3. The Senate of the United States shall be composed of two Senators from each State, chosen by the Legislature thereof, for six Years; and each Senator shall have the Qualifications requisite for Senators of the most numerous Branch of the State Legislature.

Section 4. The Times, Places and Manner of holding the Elections of Senators and Representatives, shall be prescribed in each State by the Legislature thereof; but the Congress may at any time by Law alter or change in whole or in part the same.

Section 5. The Congress shall assemble at least once in every Year, and such Meeting shall begin at noon on the 15th day of January, and in every second Year also on the 3d day of March; but they may adjourn from time to time, and may convene on any day within this period except the 1st day of January, and the 3d day of March; and such day of adjournment shall be ascertained by a vote of a majority of both Houses.

Section 6. The Senators and Representatives and Clergymen of the United States shall, when they are assembled, be privileged with Privileges and Immunities in all respects equal to those enjoyed by the Members of the Congress of the United States.

Section 7. The Congress shall have the sole Power to lay and collect Taxes on Imports and Exports, on all other Duties, on the Income, and on the Property, and to regulate Commerce with foreign Nations, and among the several States, and with the Indian Tribes; but no Tax or Duty shall be laid on Articles exported from any State.

Section 8. The Congress shall have the sole Power to borrow Money on the Credit of the United States, to regulate the Value of Money, the Coinage and the Use of Money, and to fix the Standard of Weights and Measures.

Section 9. The Congress shall have the sole Power to coin Money, to regulate the Value of Money, the Coinage and the Use of Money, and to fix the Standard of Weights and Measures.

Section 10. The Congress shall have the sole Power to coin Money, to regulate the Value of Money, the Coinage and the Use of Money, and to fix the Standard of Weights and Measures.

Romanticism is entirely subjective, and in the works of Xavier de Maistre this quality is always subordinated to outside influences whether of the world around us, human nature in general, or the relation of things to one another. Because of this manner of dealing with works of the imagination from an objective standpoint, Xavier de Maistre attracted the attention and awakened the curiosity of all, for such a method of writing did not exist among the Romantic writers contemporary with M. de Maistre.

Romanticism as manifested in his works is peculiar to himself, hence the name, "Xaverienne", which is often applied to his style of writing. Professor Saintsbury speaking of the style of M. de Maistre says: "He unites the sentimentality of the eighteenth century with an exactness of observation, a general truth of description and a sense of narrative art which belong to the nineteenth." (p. 433)

We cannot deny that Romantic qualities are present in the works of this writer. The personal touch dominates the Expedition and the Voyage, but he knows how to speak of himself with a prudence and reserve unknown to the writers of his period. It is by means of objects found in his prison room that he reveals to us the thoughts and feelings of his inner self in the "Voyage autour de ma Chambre". For Xavier de Maistre, this Voyage is really the "Memoirs d'outre tombe". In his Expedition we find the lyrical form predominating, and the author here becomes a real Romantic.

Sensibility, another characteristic of Romanticism, permeates the writings of Xavier de Maistre, but we find humor

very often used as a cloak for sensibility. This gift of humor is something entirely new and individualistic in the works of Xavier de Maistre, for none of his predecessors or contemporaries possessed it. He uses it with tact, and tempers it with good taste.

The last three works of M. de Maistre are models of narrative style. All three are based on truth, for the author actually walked and spoke with his characters. That "La Jeune Sibérienne" should have been treated by Mme. Cottin from a Romantic standpoint was to him the cause of bitter disappointment; he considered it simple and beautiful enough in itself without any Romantic adornments.

Xavier de Maistre himself was entirely out of sympathy with the changes in literary style and language which Romanticism brought about. He scarcely recognized his own language when he visited Paris on his return to Russia. The French language in all its simplicity and purity, as spoken and written by M. de Maistre, had disappeared, only to be replaced by the new words, the new phrases, and the new literary style adopted by the followers of Romanticism.

Romanticism, however, as a literary movement is not to be condemned. No one can deny the greatness of the effect and the result which it produced. It awakened forces which have shaped our modern literature and made man as man the theme of central interest.

IV. ROMANTICISM IN THE WORKS OF XAVIER DE MAISTRE

Although it was in the lyric that Romanticism found its first and most original expression, the other literary forms were not immune from its influence.

As a result of the Romantic Revolution the country was seized with a great intellectual curiosity. The "esprit français" was suddenly awakened, and, as it found expression in poetry and in the theatre, so, too, did it find a ready means of expression in the novel, which, in the nineteenth century, seemed to be able to adapt itself to all forms. M. Godefroy remarks:

"Le roman dont la forme est si flexible se prêterait aisément à de plus brillantes, et surtout à de plus dignes interprétations. Offrant à la fois l'intérêt du drame et du récit, du dialogue et de la description des caractères et du paysage, de quel usage ne serait-il pas entre les mains d'un véritable créateur qui, s'affranchissant des vagues distinctions d'école, aspirerait franchement à présenter l'étude intime et réelle de l'âme humaine et de la vie humaine, à donner la saisissante analyse de la passion et de l'émotion, à sonder les côtés inconnus de la vie possible, et qui voudrait en même temps fournir des enseignements utiles, développer les connaissances de l'esprit, tenir la curiosité en éveil, exciter l'intérêt, par la vérité des situations et des caractères!"
(Histoire de la littérature française II p. 4)

"The novel with its flexibility of form lent itself very readily to the most scholarly and above all to the most acceptable interpretations. Offering at the same time the interest of the drama and of the story, of dialogue and of descriptions of character and scenery, of what use could

Although it was in the 18th century that the term "romanticism" was first used, it was not until the 19th century that it became a literary movement.

As a result of the Romantic movement, the concept of the "romantic" was defined with a great deal of freedom. The "romantic" was not only a literary movement, but also a way of life. It was a way of life that was based on the idea of the "romantic" as a way of life. It was a way of life that was based on the idea of the "romantic" as a way of life.

Conclusion:

The Romantic movement was a literary movement that was based on the idea of the "romantic" as a way of life. It was a way of life that was based on the idea of the "romantic" as a way of life. It was a way of life that was based on the idea of the "romantic" as a way of life.

The Romantic movement was a literary movement that was based on the idea of the "romantic" as a way of life. It was a way of life that was based on the idea of the "romantic" as a way of life. It was a way of life that was based on the idea of the "romantic" as a way of life.

it not be in the hands of a true creator, who freeing himself from the indefinite rulings of a school would assiduously aspire to present the real and intimate study of the human soul and human life, to give a keen analysis of passion and emotion, to sound the unknown depths of life, and wishing at the same time to give useful information, to develop spiritual knowledge, to awaken curiosity and to excite interest by means of real situations and characters!"

Like all works which came under the spell of the great Romantic Movement, the novel was a highly imaginative work. Its predominating characteristic was sentiment or feeling in its widest sense, with which was mingled the play of the passions. This union in turn gave rise to a rather common-place plot, often purely conventional in form.

The names of Chateaubriand and Madame de Staël are pre-eminent in the history of the novel. If we associate with them the names of Benjamin Constant, Charles Nodier and Xavier de Maistre we have a veritable élite representing this literary form at the beginning of the nineteenth century. Speaking of the two latter, M. Gilbert says:

"Xavier de Maistre et Charles Nodier occupent pourtant une place dans l'évolution accomplie, au début du XIXe siècle, par le roman français. Ils sont plutôt eux-mêmes initiateurs d'un mouvement, et comme les ancêtres du conte moderne. Ils vinrent à point pour rajeunir ce genre si français, en infusant à l'esprit traditionnel, à la vivacité, à la légèreté, à la verve fine, qui remonte au moyen âge, un attendrissement délicat. Rompant avec la tradition du conte voltairien, ils délaissent la satire et le libertinage pour créer de petits récits simples, courts, de forme pure, ni secs ni amers, mais pleins de sincérité.....l'alliance, dans ces imaginations charmantes, du sentiment modéré avec la bonne humeur sobre, produisit ces courtes nouvelles rencontrées et saluées plus haut." (Le Roman en France- pendant le XIXe siècle, p.59; p229)

"Xavier de Maistre and Charles Nodier occupy a place in the evolution brought about at the beginning of the nineteenth century by the French novel. They are rather initiators of a movement and ancestors of the modern story. They succeeded in reviving this true French style by infusing a delicate sense of feeling into the traditional spirit, the life, the buoyancy, in a word, to the ingenious imagination which dates back to the Middle Ages. Breaking with the traditions of the Voltarian story, they left aside satire, and libertinism in order to create simple short stories, of pure style, neither unfeeling nor harsh but thoroughly sincere.....In these delightful imaginative works, feeling, moderated by good humor, produced short stories which were received and recommended highly."

In the works of Xavier de Maistre sentiment and passion are found, but they are always subordinated to outside influences. This objective method in dealing with works of the imagination is what distinguishes him from the writers of his period. M. Le Goffic says of him: "Le romanesque chez lui est toujours à base de vérité et d'observation." "Romanticism with him is always founded on truth and observation." (La Littérature française au XIXe siècle I-p.39) Again, we read in Berthier's "Xavier de Maistre" : "Xavier de Maistre qui parle sans cesse de lui-même sait toujours le faire, qualité rare, unique peut-être à son époque où le 'moi' des auteurs est si souvent énervant sinon haïssable--avec une discrétion telle qu'il n'impatiente jamais." "Xavier de Maistre who speaks continually of himself knows how to do it with a prudence which never tires, --a rare quality-unique perhaps in his time when the 'ego' of the authors so often makes their works weak if not repulsive."

Although he is said to belong to no particular school,

his works, nevertheless, show a decided tendency towards the Romantic. How else could we classify his "Voyage autour de ma Chambre" and his "Expédition Nocturne" where we find at one time, the imagination in full play, at another, the feelings, whether pleasure, sadness, melancholy or sympathy, according to the different situations in which the author finds himself? His Voyage is nothing but a journey through the country of the imagination, a country which knows no bounds, where he can avail himself of "L'univers entier" and where "l'immensité et l'éternité sont à ses ordres." It is a dream in which he takes delight, in which he allows himself to be carried away by his thoughts; swayed, as it were, by feelings prompted by souvenirs of the past, as in Chapter XXXV where he finds the "rose sèche.....une fleur du carnaval de l'année dernière" and in Chapter XXXIV where he finds the letters----"toutes celles qu'il a reçues depuis dix ans..... il lui en reste plusieurs qui datent de sa première jeunesse" - "All those that he received during the last ten years ...there are many which date from his early youth." He thus speaks of them: "Quel plaisir de revoir dans ces lettres les situations intéressantes de nos jeunes années, d'être transporté de nouveau dans ces temps heureux que nous ne reverrons plus!" "What pleasure to enjoy again in those letters the interesting happenings of our youth, to be carried back to those happy times which we shall never see again." In Chapter XXXII his thoughts turn to the future as he foretells the fall of the French Monarchy.

Xavier de Maistre is sometimes called the French Sterne, for in his Voyage and in his Expedition we find resemblances

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to the "Sentimental Journey" and "Tristram Shandy" of Sterne. The resemblances are, however, in form rather than in theme. According to Professor Saintsbury, "Xavier de Maistre owes a heavy debt to Sterne, though he employs the borrowed capital so well that he makes it his own." (Essays on French Novelists p.144)

Xavier de Maistre was not a writer by profession. He wrote only "pour charmer ses loisirs et sa solitude, pour se satisfaire lui-même et amuser ses amis." (Patin p.259) "To pass away his leisure and his solitude, to satisfy himself and to amuse his friends." Both time and occasion were given him for this in 1794 when he was imprisoned for duelling just at the time of the Carnival. In Chapter III of the Voyage he says: "J'étais, il est vrai, dans ma chambre, avec tout le plaisir et l'agrément possibles; mais hélas! je n'étais pas le maître d'en sortir à ma volonté." "I was, it is true, as happy and as comfortable as possible in my room; but alas! it was not permitted me to leave it when I pleased." Then, as if trying to find an excuse for his deed, he asks: "Est-il rien de plus naturel et de plus juste que de se couper la gorge avec quelqu'un qui vous marche sur le pied par inadvertance, où bien qui laisse échapper quelque terme piquant dans un moment de dépit dont votre imprudence est la cause." "Is there anything more natural or more just than to fight a duel with someone who inadvertently treads on your toe, or who, in a hasty moment occasioned by your own imprudence, allows a sharp word to escape."

He continues in Chapter XXXIX:

"Je ne voudrais par tout au monde, qu'on me

soupçonnait d'avoir entrepris ce voyage uniquement pour ne savoir que faire....j'avais le dessein de l'entreprendre longtemps avant l'événement qui m'a fait perdre ma liberté pendant quarante-deux jours. Cette retraite forcée ne fut qu'une occasion de me mettre en route plus tôt....j'aurais préféré m'occuper de ce voyage dans un autre temps, et que j'aurais choisi, pour l'exécuter, le carême plutôt que le carnaval."

I would not want for anything in the world to be suspected of having undertaken this Journey solely because I knew not what to do.....I intended to undertake it long before the event took place which deprived me of my liberty for forty-two days. This forced retreat only gave me the opportunity of starting sooner..I should have preferred taking the Journey at another time, and I should have chosen Lent rather than the Carnival."

He tells us himself that if he had not been arrested he would not be known to posterity, but as he says that he had thought of it long before, it would probably have been given to us in spite of his arrest. What he wanted was leisure, not a period of arrest. When his sentence was completed he resumed his military life, with no regret for the days he had spent in prison. Never before, he tells us, did he have so much leisure to discover his two-fold nature. But now he was free. Free! how could that life be called free, he wondered, every act of which would be regulated by duty or by custom. (Voyage Ch.XLII)

From 1794 he foresaw the fall of the Sardinian Monarchy of which he speaks in Chapter XXXII of his Voyage:

"Lorsque je suis dans une de ces fêtes, au milieu de cette foule d'hommes aimables et caressants, qui dansent, qui chantent, qui pleurent aux tragédies, qui-n'expriment que la joie, la franchise, et la cordialité, je me dis: Si, dans cette assemblée polie, il entraît tout à coup un ours blanc, un philosophe, un tigre...et qu'il s'écriât d'une voix

forcenée: 'Malheureux humains! écoutez la vérité qui vous parle par ma bouche: vous êtes opprimés, tyrannisés..Sortez, vous êtes libres; arrachez votre roi de son trône et votre Dieu de son sanctuaire'.

Eh bien! ce que le tigre a dit, combien de ces hommes charmants l'exécuteront? Combien peut-être y pensaient avant qu'il entrât!"

"When I am present at one of these festive scenes, in the midst of a crowd of flattering and agreeable men, who sing and dance, who weep at tragedies, who express only joy, sincerity, and cordiality, I say to myself: If, in the midst of this assembly, a white bear, a philosopher, a tiger, were to come in and say in a furious tone-- 'Unhappy mortals! hear the voice of truth; you are oppressed, tyrannized over;....Rise, you are free; hurl your king from his throne, and your God from his sanctuary!'"

How many of these amiable men would not follow this advice! How many perhaps were thinking of it before he made his appearance?"

This passage, distinctly satirical, was directed against Napoleon, the "revolutionary tiger", and the "hommes charmants" who were his accomplices.

In 1798 Savoy was actually taken by the French, and rather than live under its ruling, Xavier de Maistre, among others, became a voluntary exile. He went to Aoste which became for him another Savoy. In the midst of all the trouble which weighed heavily on his heart, he consoled himself by recalling the lessons of his father, at one time President of the Senate of Savoy, and always a patriotic citizen who subordinated his own welfare to that of the state. Xavier thus speaks as he contemplates the likeness of his father which he himself had sculptured:

"Hélas! cette image est tout ce qui reste de toi et de ma patrie: tu as quitté la terre au moment où le crime allait l'envahir; et tels

sont les maux dont il nous accable, que ta famille elle-même est contrainte de regarder aujourd'hui ta perte comme un bienfait. Que de maux t'eût fait éprouver une plus longue vie! O mon père! le sort de ta nombreuse famille est-il connu de toi dans le séjour du bonheur? Sais-tu que tes enfants sont exilés de cette patrie que tu as servie pendant soixante ans avec tant de zèle et d'intégrité? Sais-tu qu'il leur est défendu de visiter ta tombe?-- Mais la tyrannie n'a pu leur enlever la partie la plus précieuse de ton héritage, le souvenir de tes vertus et la force de tes exemples; au milieu du torrent criminel qui entraînait leur patrie et leur fortune dans le gouffre, ils sont demeurés inaltérablement unis sur la ligne que tu leur avais tracée."(Chapter XXXVIII)

"Alas! this image is all that remains of you and of my country; you left this earth at a time when crime was about to overrun it; and such are the evils which weigh upon us that your family is obliged to look upon your death as a blessing. How many evils a longer life would have caused you to suffer!...Oh! , dearest father! is the fate of your numerous family known to you in your happy dwelling-place? Do you know that your children are exiled from the country which you served for sixty years with such zeal and uprightness? Do you know that they are forbidden to visit your grave? But tyranny has not been able to deprive them of the most precious part of your heritage-- the remembrance of your example; in the midst of the awful torrent which swept away their country and their fortunes in its whirlpool, they have lived ever united in the path which you marked out for them."

This passage is singularly emotional which is quite surprising in a work of this kind. M. de Maistre, however, is perfectly sincere in his remarks, and we can feel the love and unity which existed in his family life. In the same chapter he gives proof of the love he had for this noble and generous parent:

"Comme il est ressemblant!.....Voilà bien les traits que la nature avait donnés au plus vertueux des hommes. Ah! si le sculpteur avait pu rendre

visibles son âme excellente, son génie et son caractère?--Mais qu'ai-je entrepris? Est-ce donc ici le lieu de faire son éloge? Est-ce aux hommes qui m'entourent que je l'adresse? Et que leur importe? Je me contente de me prosterner devant ton image chérie, ô le meilleur des pères."

"What a likeness! These are certainly the features which Nature gave to the most virtuous of men. Ah! if the sculptor had been able to show his generous soul, his genius, his character? But what am I doing? Is this the place to sing his praises? Is it to the people present that I speak? What does it matter to them? I am happy to kneel before your loving image, O best of fathers."

Another manifestation of his love for his family is found in Chapter XXII where he speaks of "ma chere Jenny", his sister to whom he dedicated his Journey:

"Ma chère Jenny, toi, la meilleure et la plus aimée des femmes; - toi, la meilleure et la plus aimée des soeurs; c'est a toi que je dédie mon ouvrage; s'il a ton approbation, il aura celle de tous les coeurs sensibles et délicats; et si tu pardones aux folies qui m'échappent quelquefois malgré moi, je brave tous les censeurs de l'univers."

"My dear Jenny, thou, the best and most beloved of women, --thou, the best and most loved of sisters. To thee I dedicate my work; if it meets with thy approbation, it will be popular with all tender and affectionate hearts; and if thou forgivest the follies that inadvertently escape me, I will brave the censures of the universe."

How tenderly he speaks of the friend whom he had loved and lost and with whom he hopes one day to be united. True friendship according to his belief, ends not with death but continues beyond the grave as we read in Chapter XXI-

violence and the destruction of the world. The world is now in a state of chaos and confusion. The people are suffering and the world is in a state of anarchy. The world is now in a state of anarchy and the people are suffering. The world is now in a state of anarchy and the people are suffering.

There is a difference between the two. The first is a difference of opinion. The second is a difference of principle. The first is a difference of opinion and the second is a difference of principle. The first is a difference of opinion and the second is a difference of principle.

Another manifestation of his love for his family is found in the fact that he is always ready to sacrifice for them. He is always ready to sacrifice for them and he is always ready to sacrifice for them.

The third thing that he does is to be a good father. He is a good father and he is a good father. He is a good father and he is a good father. He is a good father and he is a good father.

My dear friend, I am writing to you because I am so glad to hear from you. I am so glad to hear from you and I am so glad to hear from you. I am so glad to hear from you and I am so glad to hear from you.

Now, regarding the subject of the world, I am sure that you will find it interesting. I am sure that you will find it interesting and I am sure that you will find it interesting. I am sure that you will find it interesting and I am sure that you will find it interesting.

"Heureux celui qui possède un ami! J'en avais un, la mort me l'a ôté....l'endroit où nous vivions ...était pour nous une nouvelle patrie...La mort semblait nous épargner l'un pour l'autre; elle épuisa mille fois ses traits autour de lui sans l'atteindre; mais c'était pour me rendre sa perte plus sensible.. sa mémoire ne vit plus que dans mon coeur; elle n'existe plus parmi ceux qui l'environnaient et qui l'ont remplacé."

"Happy is he who possesses a friend! I had one; but death took him from me...the place where we lived was for us a new country...Death seemed to spare us for each other; his darts passed by many times without reaching him; but it was in order to make me feel his loss more keenly...his memory lives in my heart, alone; it does not live in the hearts of those who knew him, and have replaced him."

But as always in sorrow man seems to stand alone. Nature itself is indifferent to his grief and continues to pursue its brilliant course. Of this fact, M. de Maistre says:

"La nature, indifférente de même au sort des individus, remet sa robe brillante du printemps, et se pare de toute sa beauté auprès du cimetière où il repose...et le soir,.....j'entends le grillon poursuivre gaiement son chant infatigable, caché sous l'herbe qui couvre la tombe silencieuse de mon ami. La destruction insensible des êtres et tous les malheurs de l'humanité sont comptés pour rien dans le grand tout."

"Nature also, indifferent to the fate of individuals, dresses herself in her brilliant garb of spring, and is decked in all her beauty round the grave where my friend lies....in the eveningI hear the cricket chirrup unceasingly from his hiding place in the grass that grows over the grave of my friend...The insensible destruction of all beings, and all the misfortunes of humanity, count for nothing in the great universe."

Then the dark clouds of sorrow are dispersed by his faith in the goodness of God, in the life of the soul and in the

resurrection of the body:

"Non, celui qui inonde ainsi l'Orient de lumière ne l'a point fait briller à mes regards pour me plonger bientôt dans la nuit du néant; celui qui étendit cet horizon incommensurable....est aussi celui qui a ordonné à mon coeur de battre et à mon esprit de penser. Non, mon ami n'est point entré dans le néant....je le reverrai"

"He who inundates the east with floods of light, does not intend that I sink into eternal nothingness. He who extended this boundless horizon....is the same one who ordered my heart to beat, and my mind to think. No! my friend is not dissolved into nothingness...I shall see him again."

No mention has been made of the chapters dealing with Joanetti, the faithful servant, and the dog, Rosine, to whom the author was greatly attached. But we learn from Joseph de Maistre that these persons were not imaginary, they really existed in the life of Xavier de Maistre. Chapter VI which deals with "l'âme et la bête" is not at all a necessary part of the Voyage except to show us the author's philosophical turn of mind. He really means much more than he says. What force and what thought behind: "Le grand art d'un homme de génie est de savoir bien élever sa bête!" The printed work would have been more satisfactory to the author if this chapter had been omitted and he gently chides his brother, Joseph, for having allowed it to pass into print.

In Chapter XXVII we find "le miroir toujours impartial et vrai....seul entre tous les conseillers des grands, il dit constamment la vérité." - the mirror always impartial and true.. the only one among the counsellors of the great which always

tells the truth!" He then speaks at some length on the advantages of a "miroir moral où tous les hommes pourraient se voir avec leurs vices et leurs vertus"---a moral mirror where all could see their virtues and their vices," but in such a mirror he explains, "l'amour propre glisse son prisme trompeur entre nous et notre image, et nous présente notre divinité."--"self-love slips his deceitful person between us and our image and represents us as angels." But he continues: "à quoi servirait mon miroir moral? Peu de monde y jetterait les yeux, et personne ne s'y reconnaîtrait---excepté les philosophes: j'en doute même un peu" "Of what use would a moral mirror be? Few would cast their eyes on it and no one would recognize himself there---except philosophers:- and I have doubts even in regard to that." It is easily seen from this chapter that the author is well acquainted with human nature and represents it in all its aspects. "Il est moins romancier qu'historien, moins historien que philosophe; le tableau fidèle de nos affections, voilà surtout ce qu'il se propose de faire ressortir dans ses récits." (Patin p.266) "He is less a romanticist than a historian, less a historian than a philosopher: what he proposes above all to set forth in his narrative is the true picture of our affections."

M. Godefroy speaks of this work as follows:

"Le Voyage est un badinage élégant et gracieux, où l'écrivain paraît tour à tour gai, tendre, mélancolique et doucement railleur. Pas de longues dissertations, pas de discussions sérieuses. Dans cet ouvrage, écrit à batons rompus, 'laissé et repris' le spirituel auteur passe sans transition d'un sujet à l'autre au gré de sa plume facile. Chaque étape nouvelle lui fournit l'occasion d'une ravissante causerie. Lorsqu'il rencontre sur sa route un

tranquille abri, son imagination ranimée se met à l'aise; elle s'éloigne peu à peu des lieux qui la tiennent captive, et prend son vol vers de plus larges horizons. L'humoriste, savourant une double bien-être, s'abandonne à des réflexions souriantes sur l'homme, sur la dualité de son être, sur l'inconstance de ses sentiments, sur les mille sujets qui s'offrent à la pensée capricieuse. Parfois son âme s'émeut et s'attendrit; un souvenir, un regret, un idée mélancolique suffisent à lui dicter les paroles les plus touchantes. Sa bonhomie s'efface et l'on découvre toute sa sensibilité."

"The Voyage is not a serious work; but it is an elegant and pleasing one where the writer appears in turn, gay, sympathetic, melancholy, and calmly jestful. There are no long talks, no serious discussions. In this work, written by fits and starts, the author passes without transition from one subject to another at the mercy of his pen. Each new stopping place furnishes the occasion of a charming little talk. When he meets a quiet shelter along the way, his lively imagination puts itself at ease; it moves away little by little from the places which held it captive, and takes its flight towards larger horizons. The humorist delighting in his dual personality gives himself up to his thoughts, smiling at the man, at the duality of his make-up, at the inconstancy of feeling, and at the many subjects which offer themselves. Sometimes his soul is moved to pity; a remembrance, a regret, a melancholy thought suffices to inspire him with the most touching words. His good humor hides itself only to reveal his great delicacy of feeling."

While reading the Voyage we share the feelings of the writer which range from good humor to melancholy, but these are not by any means represented in their extremes. It is probably for this reason that the book makes such an appeal. It reveals to us Xavier de Maistre, the man, in all the tenderness and serenity of his inner thought. One of the great modern French writers, Anatole France, says of the Voyage:

"Je suis touché de la délicatesse de son esprit et de la candeur de son âme; Xavier de

Maistre est humain. Il est vrai avec lui-même, il est vrai avec les autres...il s'égaie et pleure en même temps...On le lit et on l'aime."

"I am touched by the delicacy of mind and uprightness of soul. Xavier de Maistre is human. He is true with himself and with others. He is gay and sad at the same time. He is read and loved."

His Voyage, begun in 1790, was completed in 1794. Xavier de Maistre showed it to his brother, Joseph, who praised and approved the work and decided to publish it. This "literary trifle" is what has made Xavier de Maistre famous. When he later received a printed copy of his own work, it gave him great joy and surprise. He himself, despite his modesty, has given an account of the success of the Voyage in one of his letters to M. de Mareste.

"Mon neveu me marque dans une de ses lettres que la premier Voyage a eu en général peu de succès en France. Je vous avoue que je ne suis pas de son avis, d'après les nombreuses éditions que cette bagatelle a eues sans que je m'en sois mêlé." (Maystre and Perrin p. 33)

"My nephew writes me in one of his letters that the first Voyage has had, in general, little success in France. I confess that I am not of his opinion after the numerous editions which this literary trifle has had without my interfering with it."

One of the many "Notices on Xavier de Maistre" give the following criticism of the Voyage:

"Ce petit ouvrage est un modèle de grâce et d'esprit, de simplicité et d'urbanité. Les réflexions philosophiques et morales, souvent très profondes, se mêlent par d'insensibles transitions aux traits d'esprit les plus naturels et parfois les plus piquants. Ce petit chef-d'oeuvre peut prendre place entre les Contes de Voltaire et les romans d'Anatole France. Mais s'il a leur langue

souple et pure, s'il est leur égal par l'esprit, Xavier de Maistre est supérieur par son tact exquis et par sa délicate moralité."

"This little work is a model of elegance and wit, of simplicity and refinement. The philosophic and moral reflections, often very deep, are mingled, by means of unconscious transitions, with the most natural, and at times, very sharp witticisms. This little masterpiece can take its place beside Voltaire's short stories and the novels of Anatole France. But if he has their flexible and pure style, if he is their equal in wit, Xavier de Maistre is their superior in refined feeling and delicate moral sense."

Expédition Nocturne autour de ma Chambre

The success of the Voyage prompted him to undertake the Expédition Nocturne but his brother turned him from it, alluding to a Spanish proverb which said that continuations are always bad, and advised him to look for another subject. Xavier humbly submitted to his brother's decision in this as in all other things, and gave it no further consideration. But he had already found the leper in the city of Aoste, and this meeting furnished material for a story which made him famous in the literary world. Meanwhile, the Expedition, like the Voyage, was writing itself in his mind, but it did not appear in print until after the death of his brother Joseph.

This sequel to the Voyage is not very different in plan. It is less pleasing, however, and consequently does not make such an appeal to the reader. The Expedition savors more of the spirit of melancholy than does the Voyage, but this is due to the fact that Xavier de Maistre is an older man and has already come face to face with the sad realities of life. He knows how

to mingle with this melancholy a simplicity, a precision and a grace which reveals the beauty of his language. M. Patin says, speaking of the Expedition: "Elle est plus grave, plus sérieuse, plus triste; on voit que le présent l'afflige, que l'avenir se rembrunit à ses regards, qu'il se mêle quelque amertume au souvenir de ce passé qui ne doit pas renaître" ('Discours et Mélanges littéraires p.201) "It is more serious, more solemn, more melancholy; one can see that the present wearies him, the uncertainty of the future discourages him and bitterness is mingled with the remembrance of a past which can never return."

"'L'Expédition Nocturne' comme le voyage fantastique auquel elle fait suite, offre un épisode de la vie de l'auteur, une peinture de ses sentiments...Il est vrai qu'on n'y trouve guère d'autres événements que ceux dont se compose la vie intérieure; c'est une confidence des affections habituelles de celui qui les a écrits, de sa manière de sentir et de penser." (Patin p.263)

"The 'Expédition Nocturne' like the fantastic voyage to which it is a sequel, presents an episode in the author's life, a painting of his feelings. It is true that one finds represented there only the interior life of the man; it reveals the habitual disposition of the writer, as well as his manner of feeling and thinking."

When Savoy was annexed to France, Xavier de Maistre was in the service of Piedmont. He did not return to Savoy, but went to Italy where he associated himself with the Russian army there. On leaving Turin, in Piedmont, he bids farewell to the solitude which he loved so well "la solitude dans les grandes villes"

"Charmante colline, tu m'as vu souvent rechercher
tes retraites solitaires et préfértes sentiers,
écartés aux promenades brillantes de la capitale;

tu m'as vu souvent perdu dans tes labyrinthes de verdure, attentif au chant de l'alouette matinale, le coeur plein d'une vague inquiétude et du désir ardent de me fixer pour jamais dans tes vallons enchantés." (Expédition Nocturne-Chapter VI)

"Beautiful hill: you have seen me often seeking your solitude and preferring your silent paths to the noisy streets of the city; you have often seen me lost in your woods, listening to the song of the lark, in the early morning, my heart filled with a vague disquietude and an ardent longing to remain forever in your enchanted dales."

When the Revolution spread to Italy he left there and went to Russia. In Chapter I of the Expedition we read: "La révolution française, qui débordait de toutes parts, venait de surmonter les Alps, et se précipitait sur l'Italie. Je fus entraîné par la première vague jusqu'à Bologne...J'étais depuis quelques années sans patrie; j'appris un beau matin que j'étais sans emploi." "The French Revolution which was spreading everywhere had just crossed the Alps and was rushing upon Italy. I was swept off by the first wave into Bologna...I was then for some years without a country; one bright morning I learned that I was even deprived of my office!"

He found it extremely hard to leave his country and go to Russia with General Souvarof to whom he had become attached. In Chapter XXXII he tells us:

"Une des difficultés qui me tracassaient le plus, parce qu'elle tenait à ma conscience, était de savoir si je faisais bien ou mal d'abandonner ma patrie, dont la moitié m'avait elle-même abandonnél'amour de la patrie est tellement énergique! Les regrets que j'éprouvais moi-même, à la seule pensée d'abandonner la mienne, m'en prouvaient si bien la réalité."

"One of the things which troubled me most... was to know if I had done well or ill in abandoning my country, one half of which had already abandoned me.....Love of country is so strong! The sorrow which I myself experienced, at the sole thought of abandoning mine, has proved the truth of it only too well."

But the mountaineers, of which Xavier de Maistre was one, were particularly attached to their country, the reason for which he gives us in the same Chapter XXXII:

"Les montagnards sont, de tous les peuples, ceux qui sont les plus attachés à leur pays.... Le montagnard s'attache aux objets qu'il a sous les yeux depuis son enfance, et qui ont des formes visibles et indestructibles: de tous les points de la vallée, il voit et reconnaît son champ sur le penchant de la côte. Le bruit du torrent qui bouillonne entre les rochers n'est jamais interrompu.Il voit en songe le contour des montagnes qui est peint dans son coeur, ...le tableau gravé dans sa mémoire fait partie de lui-même et ne s'efface jamais."

"Mountaineers are most devoted to their countryThe mountaineer is attached to the objects that he has been looking at since his childhood and which have distinctive and eternal features; from every point in the valley he sees and recognizes his country on the mountain-side. The noise of the torrent which rages between the rocks is never interrupted...He sees even in his dreams the turnings and windings of the mountains which are engraved forever in his memory."

The only resource which Xavier de Maistre had upon reaching Russia was his paint brush, and like so many other "émigrés" he tried to live by means of it, but fortune decreed otherwise. His facility in the use of the sword enabled him to obtain service in the Russian army where he advanced rapidly. He carried with him into Russia the first chapters of his Expedition, but when the work was completed he found the part written in his

younger days less pleasing. In one of his letters to M. de Mareste he says: "Je vous avoue, que ce n'est pas sans quelque honte, que je publie l'Expédition Nocturne à mon âge." (Maystre & Perrin p. 47) "I confess that it is not without some shame that I publish the Expedition Nocturne at my age.

He was rather wary about publishing his new work, and when he sent a copy of it to the publisher in 1824 he wrote:

"Je viens de terminer une seconde partie du 'Voyage autour de ma Chambre' du même volume à peu près que la première, c'est une expédition nocturne de quatre heures. Pour avoir des juges compétents, j'ai invité toute l'ambassade française à une lecture que j'en ai faite. Les hommes et les dames m'ont paru fort contents, mais vous savez ce que c'est qu'une lecture, et combien on est sujet à se faire illusion; ainsi je ne regarde pas la partie comme gagnée. MM. de Fontenay et de Lagrenée m'ont assuré en honneur et conscience, que cette seconde partie vaut mieux que la première..." (Maystre and Perrin p.33)

"I have just finished a second part of the " Voyage autour de ma Chambre" , of the same size almost as the first; it is a Nocturnal Expedition of four hours. In order to have competent judges, I invited the French Embassy to a lecture at which I read the Expedition. Both men and women seemed greatly pleased, but you know what a lecture is, and how much one is apt to be illusioned; therefore I do not consider my point gained. MM. de Fontenay and de Lagrenée candidly assure me that the second part is better than the first."

When the manuscript had been placed in the hands of the publishers, Xavier de Maistre reproached himself for having allowed two particular passages to be submitted to print: in one he speaks of "Elisa " et "les bords de la Doire"; (Chapter XXVI) in the other, he ridicules Chateaubriand for having found "les Alpes mesquines et le Mont Blanc considérablement trop petit." (Chapter XXXII)

"The Alps insignificant and Mount Blanc considerably too small." He hastily wrote to M. de Mareste telling him that he did not wish to make Elisa who still lived "auprès de la Doire" conspicuous; he wished also to withhold the pleasantry concerning Chateaubriand whom he loved very much and whom he did not wish to offend. This was not done, for we still find "Elisasur les bords de la Doire", and Chateaubriand still wondering at "la petitesse des Alpes et du Mont Blanc."

"'L'Expedition Nocturne', c'est une meditation tout imprégnée de lyrisme douloureux, le monologue d'une sorte de Hamlet placé dans une situation particulière; il fait penser à une soirée d'arrière-automne où le soleil sourit tristement à travers une pluie fine. Nous avons là deux époques et deux états d'âmes différents. Xavier devient romantique." (Berthier-Xavier de Maistre p.73)

"The 'Expedition Nocturne' is a meditation imbued with a tender poetic style, a monologue in the style of Hamlet although in a different setting; it makes one think of a late autumn evening as the last rays of the sun are peering dimly through the mist. We find in this work a soul influenced in two different ways by time and circumstances. Xavier becomes romantic."

The Romanticism of Xavier de Maistre is shown in his Expedition Nocturne, more than in any other of his works. It treats the old, time-honored themes of Love, Nature, Death and Country, but even with these themes which lend themselves so readily to Romanticism, the work cannot be called strictly romantic, for the author treats them in a manner which is entirely his own.

Les Prisonniers du Caucase

This little sketch portrays Russian military life in the savage regions of Georgie where fighting in ambush is continually carried on. Stendhal looks upon "Les Prisonniers" as a masterpiece.

Ivan is doubtless a characteristic type representing the qualities found among the Russian people as a whole, and among individuals. He is faithful to his master, Kascambo, even to death, and leaves nothing undone in his attempt to set him at liberty; craft, deceit, brutality, death even, are resorted to, in order to bring about this desired end. Even the little Mamet whom Kascambo loved, and who secretly brought him food, was not spared despite the request of the master who threatened to surrender himself into the hands of the Tchetchenges if the child's life were taken.

"Entre les mains des Tchetchenges! répéta le denchik en élevant sa hache sanglante sur la tête de son maître; ils ne vous reprendront jamais vivant; je les égorgerai, eux, vous et moi, avant que cela arrive...si quelqu'un entre ici avant notre départ, je ne regarde pas si c'est un ami ou un ennemi, je l'entends là avec les autres."

"Into the hands of the Tchetchenges!" repeated the servant raising his bloody axe over the head of his master 'they will never take you alive, I will kill them, you and myself, before that happens..if anyone comes in here before we leave, whether friend or enemy, I shall lay him there with the others."

Xavier de Maistre pays little attention to the physical qualities of his persons, which help so much to understand the

This little speech perhaps passed entirely life in the
several minutes of speech which it occupied in the
city council on the 10th of March 1861. It was
received.

It was in fact a characteristic of the President
qualified to lead among the nation people as a whole, and among
individuals. He is faithful to the nation, honest, even in
death, and leaves nothing behind in his struggle to save the
country; ready, brave, cheerful, and with a high sense of duty
in order to bring about this desired end. Even the little speech
which he made at that time, and the necessity of his death, was not
passed despite the nature of the matter which it related to
concerning himself and the nation at the time of his death. It was
only a little speech.

There is a great deal of talk about the President's
death in the history of the nation and in the
history of the world. It is a great deal of talk about the
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inner man. True indeed, the interest of M. de Maistre is centered entirely in the human soul, but is not the body the mirror of the soul? Why then neglect the physical? Physical qualities are important in life, why can they not be equally important in art? In the entire story the following description is the only one which gives reality to the personages but even then we do not see them any too clearly:

"Son geôlier, (de Kascambo), était un vieillard de soixante ans, d'une taille gigantesque et d'un aspect féroce que son caractère ne démentait pas.

Deux de ses fils avaient été tués dans une rencontre avec les Russes...La famille de cet homme, appelé Ibrahim, était composée de la veuve d'un de ses fils, âgée de trente-cinq ans, et d'un jeune enfant de sept à huit ans, appelé Mamet. Sa mère était aussi méchante et plus capricieuse encore que le vieux gardien."

"His jailer was an old man sixty years of age, with a gigantic figure and a terrible aspect, which his character did not belie.

Two of his sons had been killed in an encounter with the Russians. This man's family, named Ibrahim, was composed of the widow of one of the sons, thirty-five years old, and a young child of seven or eight, named Mamet. Her mother was as wicked as the old warden and even more capricious."

In the final scene the character of the old Tchetchenge to whom Ivan entrusts the care of Kascambo, is remarkably well drawn and brings out the real and living art so characteristic of Xavier de Maistre.

"Les Prisonniers du Caucase", dit Sainte-Beuve, "par la singularité des mœurs et des caractères si vivement exprimés, semblent déceler, dans ce talent d'ordinaire tout gracieux et doux, une faculté d'audace qui ne recule au besoin devant aucun trait de la réalité et de la nature même

la plus sauvage. M. Merimée pourrait envier ce personnage d'Ivan de ce brave domestique de major à la fois si fidèle et si féroce et qui donne si lestement son coup de hache à qui le gêne."

"'Les Prisonniers du Caucase', says Sainte-Beuve, "by the singularity of customs and characters so vividly expressed, seems to reveal in this talent ordinarily pleasing and calm, a quality of boldness which does not fail to portray life and nature even in forms most barbarous. M. Merimée can envy this personage of Ivan, the brave servant of the major, at the same time so faithful and so brutal, and who so cleverly gives a blow of the axe to any who thwart him."

De Maistre's pen had grown somewhat rusty after he completed the Voyage, as the number of corrections made by his nephew in "Les Prisonniers" testifies. These corrections, however, were only minor ones. Later, in 1823, when the works were submitted for publication, M. de Mareste wrote: "Les deux nouvelles (Les Prisonniers et La Jeune Sibérienne) m'ont fait grand plaisir; il y a dans celle du Major (Les Prisonniers du Caucase) deux scènes dignes de Walter Scott." (Maystre & Perrin)p. 27) "The two stories gave me great pleasure; there are in "Les Prisonniers du Caucase" two scenes worthy of Walter Scott."

La Jeune Sibérienne

"La Jeune Sibérienne" is the story of a pious and noble young girl named Prascovie who, without any resources whatever, leaves her parents, exiled in Siberia, to ask pardon from the emperor at St. Petersburg.

"La situation de ses personnages, réduits à une extrême indigence, condamnés, pour soutenir

leurs misérables jours, à des travaux grossiers, que rend encore plus pénibles la rigueur d'un climat glacé.....cette situation à laquelle se joignent, pour l'aggraver, le souvenir d'un état meilleur et la perspective d'un avenir sans espoir, fait comprendre comment a pu naître dans l'esprit d'une pauvre fille l'étrange résolution d'arracher ses parents à tant de maux malgré les innombrables difficultés et l'apparente folie d'une pareille entreprise" (Patin p.272)

"The situation of persons, reduced to extreme want, condemned to support their miserable days by rough work, which the severity of a very cold climate renders still more painful...and which is further increased by the remembrance of a better condition and the view of a hopeless future, enables us to understand how the strange thought of freeing her parents from so many evils, in spite of numberless difficulties and the apparent folly of such an undertaking, enters the mind of a poor girl."

In her "Elizabeth or Les exiles de Sibérie" Madame Cottin has made a novel out of what Xavier de Maistre has so simply related. Madame Cottin has given the girl a guide whom she finally marries, but the real, true, simple, and pious young girl has disappeared entirely. Xavier de Maistre complained that Mme. Cottin had given place to love and romance in her story, whereas in the real girl we find only filial love which alone prompted her to undertake her great task. "La simple histoire de sa vie", he says, "est assez intéressante par elle-même, sans autre ornement que la vérité." "The simple story of her life is interesting enough by itself without any other ornament than truth."

"La Jeune Sibérienne" of de Maistre is a simple and interesting story of the love and care of Divine Providence in regard to his creatures. Prascovie abandons herself completely to this

loving care which protected her in the most trying moments. It was to this care that she owed her deliverance from the aged couple who gave her shelter. "Ces deux personnes avaient un air si étrange que Prascovie éprouvait une certaine crainte, et se repentait de s'être chez elles." "These two persons had such a strange appearance that Prascovie experienced a certain fear and regret for having stopped at their house." They ill-treated and insulted her, and even tried to take from her the little money which she had in her possession to aid her in reaching St. Petersburg. "La malheureuse fille, outragée et tremblante, retentait les larmes et priait Dieu tout bas de la secourir." "The unfortunate girl, insulted and fearful, held back her tears and in prayer asked God to help her." God did help her. She left the home of those whom she considered robbers with an additional forty kopecks. "Prascovie" we are told, "aimait à redire cette aventure, comme une preuve évidente de la protection de Dieu, qui avait changé tout à coup le coeur de ces malhonnêtes gens." "Prascovie loved to recall this experience as a proof of the protection of God who had suddenly changed the hearts of these dishonest people."

M. Reaume contrasting the theme of "La Jeune Sibérienne" with that of "Les Prisonniers du Caucase" says: "

"La Jeune Sibérienne" nous a montré cette sainte témérité de l'innocence qui déconcerte la perversité humaine en n'y croyant pas. Dans "Les Prisonniers du Caucase", l'auteur semble avoir voulu lui opposer cette hardiesse virile qui connaît la méchanceté, l'ose affronter et combattre des mêmes armes, par la ruse comme par l'audace et la violence." (E. Réaume P.LVIII Vol I.)

"'La Jeune Sibérienne' shows us the fearlessness of innocence which baffles human obstinacy by not believing in it. In 'Les Prisonniers du Caucase' the author seems to have wished to place in opposition to this, manly daring which knows wickedness, dares to face and fight it with the self-same weapons, by trickery as well as by boldness and violence."

Prascovie finally achieved her design after much hardship and suffering, but she had made those dear to her very happy, and this in itself served as a recompense for all her sufferings. She did not return home, but entered the convent at Nijni where her mother and father found her, to their great surprise and also to their sorrow, since they were forever deprived of her companionship. They willingly sacrificed their child and God blessed them a thousand times as Prascovie had told them. She herself had not long to remain on earth for her poor health had already greatly undermined her strength. In a short time the same loving Guide who had been her faithful companion and friend on the way to St. Petersburg came to lead her to Heaven where she was to find true happiness, untainted by pain or sorrow.

When the last two novels were complete, Xavier de Maistre had them published with his "Expédition Nocturne"; the proceeds of the sale were to be given to his sister, Thérèse, whose fortune had been ruined by the Revolution. The sale was very successful and M. de Mareste, the publisher, asked for more stories:

"Les nouvelles sont admirables. Maintenant, gardez vous bien d'en rester là. Il est impossible que vous n'ayez pas quelqu'autre nouvelle dans votre tiroir. Envoyez-la moi et j'en tirerai bon parti. Notez bien que vous pourriez battre monnaie avec ce que vous appelez de bagatelles.

"The Journalist" shows us the first-
hand of the journalist in the field of
investigation. In the "Journalist" we
find the journalist in the field of
investigation, and the journalist in the
field of investigation, and the journalist
in the field of investigation, and the
journalist in the field of investigation.

Journalist finally achieved her desire after much hardship
and suffering, but she had made those who had been her
and this in itself served as a punishment for all her suffering.
She did not return home, but entered the convent at night where
her mother and father found her, to their great surprise and also
to their sorrow, since they were forever deprived of her company.
Journalist. They willingly accepted their child and did not
think a thousand times as Journalist had told them. The Journalist
had not long to remain on earth for her poor health had already
greatly weakened her strength. In a short time she was
laid to rest who had been her faithful companion and friend in the
way to St. Peter's. Her death was a great loss to her family and
to find some happiness, comforted by pain or sorrow.

When the last two novels were completed, Journalist at last
had been satisfied with his "Journalist's Journal". The Journalist
of the world to be given to his sister, Journalist, when
Journalist had been raised by the Journalist. The Journalist was very
satisfied and the Journalist, the Journalist, and the Journalist.

"The Journalist" and "The Journalist" are
two novels which are not only
the most interesting and the most
interesting and the most interesting
and the most interesting and the most
interesting and the most interesting
and the most interesting and the most
interesting and the most interesting.

Nous avons ici une légion d'auteurs de gros volumes qui ne jouissent pas de cet avantage." (M. de Mareste à M. de Maistre-13 juin 1825- p.90)

"The stories are delightful. Take good care not to give up writing. It is impossible for you not to have another story in your drawer. Send it to me and I shall use it; you know you can coin money with what you call trifles. We have any number of authors with large volumes of works who do not enjoy this advantage."

The first of November of the same year Stendhal wrote a criticism of the works of Xavier de Maistre in which he declared the "Expédition Nocturne" far superior to that of the "Voyage autour de ma Chambre". He praised the dramatic force of "La Jeune Sibérienne" and referred to "Les Prisonniers du Caucase" as the master work of the author.

When the second edition appeared in 1828 one of the critics of the time wrote:

"Si M. Xavier de Maistre est un des auteurs dont les oeuvres complètes tiennent le moins de place dans une bibliothèque, il est aussi du petit nombre de ceux qui ont l'heureux privilège de voir le public rechercher avidement leurs ouvrages." (P. Louisey, Notice Biographique)

"If Xavier de Maistre is one of the authors whose complete works take up least space in a library, he is also one of the privileged few whose works are eagerly sought after by the public."

Xavier de Maistre had already promised to send a new story that might be published with "Les Prisonniers" and "La Jeune Sibérienne". He spoke probably of the "Histoire d'un Prisonnier français" or "Catherine Freminsky" both of which are now published in his "Oeuvres inédites"; fragments et

correspondance". He himself gave up the idea of finishing for reasons which are proof of his originality. He wrote to M. Mareste in May 1824: "il peut se faire que vous attendiez encore ce bel oeuvre qui n'arrivera point, parce qu'il rentrerait trop exactement dans le commun des romans." (p.42) "You are probably still waiting for that great work which will never be finished because it would be very correctly placed in the class of novels."

Later on when the publishers wrote again for more stories, Xavier de Maistre referred to his new friend, Topffer from Geneva, whose works he had just read. He regretted that he himself had none to offer, but he recommended what he would wish to have done - the works of Topffer. He was the only one whose ideas corresponded with those of M. de Maistre. "Sa manière de penser", says Xavier, "est tout à fait analogue à la mienne" (E. Réaume Vol. II p.128) "His manner of thinking is quite similar to mine."

Le Lépreux de la Cité d'Aoste

This little work has great literary merit. Like the "Voyage autour de ma Chambre" it has been translated in all languages. Here the author portrays the emotions of a human soul under the stress and strain of physical suffering and sorrow, and he does it with the deepest feeling and the greatest simplicity.

It is a tragedy more striking perhaps than those whose themes are Ambition or Love.

"It is, says Berthier:

"la lutte d'un malheureux qui est privé des consolations où des distractions..la lutte d'un malheureux armé seulement de la simplicité de son coeur et de l'humble foi d'un chrétien ordinaire, contre le supplice d'un perpétuel isolement et d'une cruelle destinée." (Berthier-p.250)

"The struggle of an unfortunate creature deprived of consolations or distractions; the struggle of an unfortunate man armed only with simplicity of heart and humble Christian faith against the punishment of eternal isolation and cruel fate."

He has no home, family nor friends; he is entirely cast aside by the world whose thoughts and images he carries with him continually. This leper was known by Xavier de Maistre. He was a certain Pierre-Bernard Guasco whose whole family, father, mother, and eight children were afflicted with this loathsome disease. With the exception of one sister, the leper knew none of his family.

The military officer in the dialogue is none other than Xavier de Maistre himself, who tries to offer sympathy and courage to the suffering soul of the leper. This he does with the greatest simplicity of style and language. There are no picturesque or physical qualities portrayed. The only indication of physical suffering is found in the following passage:

Le Lepreux: "Tous les mois ils (les tourments) augmentent et diminuent avec le cours de la lune. Lorsqu'elle commence à se montrer, je souffre ordinairement davantage; la maladie diminue ensuite, et semble changer de nature: ma peau se dessèche et blanchit; mais il serait toujours supportable sans les insomnies affreuses qu'il me cause."

Le Militaire: "Quoi! le sommeil vous abandonne?"

Le Lepreux: "Ah! monsieur, les insomnies! les insomnies! Vous ne pouvez vous figurer combien est longue et triste une nuit qu'un malheureux passe tout entière sans fermer l'oeil, l'esprit fixé sur une situation affreuse et sur un avenir sans espoir."

The Leper: "Every month my sufferings increase, and diminish with the phases of the moon. At its beginning, I generally suffer most; the disease then diminishes and seems to change; my skin dries up and whitens. But it would always be bearable if it were not for the sleepless nights."

The Officer: "What! you cannot sleep?"

The Leper: "Ah! sir, sleeplessness! sleeplessness! you cannot imagine the length and weariness of the night which a suffering man passes without sleeping, his mind fixed on a frightful existence and a hopeless future."

The greatness of the art in the Leper lies in the beauty and simplicity of its language. And what language more simple than that which Xavier de Maistre uses in the following passage in which he describes the sad and lonely state of the leper?

The military officer is welcomed by the leper and asked to remain, if he is not repelled by the sight of the suffering man.

The soldier answers:

"Je resterai volontiers, si vous agreez la visite d'un homme que le hasard conduit ici, mais qu'un vif intérêt y retient"

Le Lepreux: De l'intérêt! Je n'ai jamais excité que la pitié.

Le Militaire: Je me croirais heureux si je pouvais vous offrir quelque consolation.

Le Lepreux: C'en est une grande pour moi de voir des hommes, d'entendre le son de la voix

humaine, qui semble me fuir.

Le Militaire: Permettez-moi donc de converser quelques moments avec vous et de parcourir votre demeure.

Le Lepreux: Bien volontiers, si cela peut vous faire plaisir.

The Officer: "I will gladly remain if you will receive the visit of one whom chance has brought here and whom a lively interest keeps here.

The Leper: Interest! I have never excited anything but pity.

The Officer: I would consider myself happy if I could offer you any consolation.

The Leper: It is a great consolation to see human beings, and to hear the sound of those who seem to fly from me.

The Officer: Allow me to converse with you a little while, and to become acquainted with your solitary dwelling.

The Leper: Very willingly, if it will give you pleasure."

While speaking the leper hides his face so as not to reveal his state: "Le lépreux se couvrit la tête d'un large feutre dont les bords rabattus lui cachaient le visage." "The leper covers his head with a large hat, the rim of which is turned down to hide his face."

The soldier listens more than he speaks; he lets the unfortunate sufferer speak his heart. He answers briefly because the tale of the sufferings of the leper touches a cord in his own heart, and his answers are full of sympathy and compassion. There are souls who can by their very silence bring comfort and consolation to the suffering. Such was the soul of Xavier de Maistre, and we know that, as a result of his visit, the

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leper was comforted, and his ardent desire realized to hear a human voice, to speak to a friend, and to feel at least once before he died the clasp of a human hand in his.

The leper spends much of his time cultivating flowers which he never touches, in order that with them he might give pleasure to others. "À qui les destinez-vous?" asks the soldier. The Leper replies:

"Les personnes qui m'apportent des provisions de l'hôpital ne craignent pas de s'en faire des bouquets. Quelquefois aussi les enfants de la ville se présentent à la porte de mon jardin. Je monte aussitôt dans la tour, de peur de les effrayer ou de leur nuire...Lorsqu'ils s'en vont, ils lèvent les yeux vers moi: Bonjour, Lépreux, me disent-ils en riant, et cela me réjouit un peu."

"The people who bring provisions from the hospital do not fear to take them. Sometimes also the children of the village come to the garden gate. I go quickly into the tower lest I frighten or infect them. When they go away they raise their eyes towards me and say with a smile, 'Good-bye, Leper'. Then I feel happy."

The soldier speaks to him of his solitude: "J'admire combien cette retraite est tranquille et solitaire. On est dans une ville, et l'on croirait être dans un désert."

Le Lépreux: "La solitude n'est pas toujours au milieu des forêts et des rochers. L'infortuné est seul partout.

Le Militaire: Quelle suite d'événements vous amena dans cette retraite? Ce pays est-il votre patrie?

Le Lépreux: Je suis né sur les bords de la mer, dans la principauté d'Oneille, et je n'habite ici que depuis quinze ans. Quant à mon histoire,

elle n'est qu'une longue et uniforme calamité.

Le Militaire: Avez-vous toujours vécu seul?

Le Lépreux: J'ai perdu mes parents dans mon enfance et je ne les connus jamais: une soeur qui me restait est morte depuis deux ans. Je n'ai jamais eu d'ami.

The Officer: "I admire the calm and solitude of this place. One is in a city, and believes himself to be in a desert.

The Leper: Solitude is not found only in the midst of forests and rocks. An unfortunate man is in solitude everywhere.

The Officer: What strange events led you to this solitude? Were you born here?

The Leper: I was born at the seashore in the province of Oneille and I have lived here only for fifteen years. As for my history it is that of a long and unbroken sorrow.

The Officer: Have you always lived alone?

The Leper: My parents died when I was a child and I never knew them. I had one sister but she died two years ago. I have never had any friends."

As the leper spoke to the soldier he hid himself behind the foliage, for he wished to have his company for a longer time. The soldier was deeply interested as the leper spoke of his sister, who had been with him in his solitude, and who helped him bear his sufferings. They never saw each other after their first meeting at the hospital, each one forbearing to cause more suffering to the other. The sister died and the brother remained alone in his suffering.

A dog which the suffer^{er}s named "Miracle" came as a god-send to them in their affliction. After the death of his sister,

the first of the family to make a name for himself.

After your father's death

The father:

I had never met your father before and I was
at first very much surprised to find that he was
the same person who had been with me in the
hospital at the time of my death.

The mother:

"I believe the same old soldier is still
there. One is in a way, and believes him-
self to be in a way."

The father:

Soldiers is not found only in the night
of the night and night. The night is the night
of the night everywhere.

The mother:

What strange events led you to this old
soldier? Were you born here?

The father:

I was born at the roadside in the province
of Ontario and I have lived here since the
first year. As the night is the night
of a long and unhappy story.

The mother:

Have you always lived alone?

The father:

My parents died when I was a child and I
never knew them. I had one sister but she
died two years ago. I have never had any
other.

The mother:

As the father came to the soldier in his own hand, the
soldier, he wished to have his property for a longer time.
The soldier was really interested in the story of his
sister, who had been with him in his childhood, and who had
been his sister. They never met each other after that.
First meeting at the hospital, and the soldier in some way
entering in the other. The sister died and the soldier remained
alone in his sister.

A day which the soldier named "Michael" came as a soldier
to him in his childhood. After the death of his sister,

the lonely leper became greatly attached to the dog, the only one now whom he could love and who could love him in return; the only one on whom he could bestow sympathy and kindness. Unfortunately, the dog escaped from his home and wandered about the village. The people, fearing that he carried with him the germ of leprosy, begged to have the dog killed. This was done. The sorrow of the leper knew no bounds. He had previously thought of ending his own life and after the loss of Miracle, he was determined to do so. With this end in view, he took a lamp and went down to the dark lower room in the tower. His sister had lived there and he found everything to remind him of her--nothing had been disturbed since her death. Her last words came back to him. "Je ne t'abandonnerai pas en mourant; souviens-toi que je serai présente dans tes angoisses" "I will not abandon you at the hour of death...remember that I shall be present in your agony." He continues the story himself:

"En posant la lampe sur la table, j'aperçus le cordon de la croix qu'elle portait à son cou, et qu'elle avait placée elle-même entre deux feuillets de sa Bible. A cet aspect, je reculai plein d'un saint effroi. La profondeur de l'abîme où j'allais me précipiter se présenta tout à coup à mes yeux dessillés; je m'approchai en tremblant du livre sacré: 'Voilà, voilà, le secours qu'elle m'a promis!! Et, comme je retirais la croix du livre, j'y trouvai un écrit cacheté que ma bonne soeur y avait laissé pour moi. Mes larmes, retenues jusqu'alors par la douleur, s'échappèrent en torrents: tous mes funestes projets s'évanouirent à l'instant."

"Placing the lamp on the table, I noticed the cord of the crucifix which she wore on her neck, and which she herself had placed between the leaves of the Bible. At this sight I retreated filled with a holy fear. The depth of the abyss into which I was about to hurl myself, appeared suddenly before me: trembling, I drew near

the sacred book: 'There, there, was the help she promised me.' And as I took the crucifix from the book, I found a note which my sister had left for me. My tears which sorrow had held back, now flowed freely; my criminal resolutions vanished immediately."

He was deeply affected by the note, and for a little while he was unable to read it:

"Mon frère, je vais bientôt te quitter, mais je ne t'abandonnerai pas. Du ciel, où j'espère aller, je veillerai sur toi; je prierai Dieu qu'il t'en donne le courage de supporter la vie avec résignation, jusqu'à ce qu'il lui plaise de nous réunir dans un autre monde; alors je pourrai te montrer toute mon affection; rien ne m'empêchera plus de t'approcher, et rien ne pourra nous séparer. Je te laisse la petite croix que j'ai portée toute ma vie; elle m'a souvent consolée dans mes peines, et mes larmes n'eurent jamais d'autres témoins qu'elle. Rappelle-toi, lorsque tu la verra, que mon dernier vœu fut que tu pusses vivre ou mourir en bon chrétien."

"My brother, I am soon going to leave you but I shall not abandon you. From Heaven, where I hope to go, I will watch over you; I will pray that God will give you the courage to bear your sufferings with resignation, until it will please Him to unite us in a better world. I shall then be able to give you all my affection, nothing will prevent my going near you, and nothing will separate us. I leave you the little crucifix which I have worn all my life; it has often consoled me in my sorrow and my tears had never any other witness. Remember when you see it that my last wish was that you might live and die a good Christian."

We read later the effect of this letter:

"Mon premier mouvement fut de lever les yeux vers le ciel pour le remercier de m'avoir préservé du plus grand des malheurs...une étoile brillait devant ma fenêtre; je la contemplai longtemps avec un plaisir inexprimable, en remerciant Dieu de ce qu'il m'accordait encore le plaisir de la voir et j'éprouvais une secrète consolation à penser qu'un de ses rayons était cependant destiné pour la triste cellule du Lépreux."

"My first act was to raise my eyes towards Heaven to thank God for having preserved me from the greatest misfortune. As I looked through my window I saw a star shining. I contemplated it for a long time with an indescribable pleasure, thanking God for having still granted me the pleasure of seeing it. I experienced a secret consolation in thinking that one of these rays was destined for the solitary abode of the leper."

When the leper finished his story he covered his face with his hands. After a moment's silence he said: "Étranger, lorsque le chagrin ou le découragement s'approcheront de vous, pensez au solitaire de la cité d'Aoste; vous ne lui aurez pas fait une visite inutile". "Stranger, when anger or discouragement come to you, think of the leper in the city of Aoste and your visit will not have been useless."

When the soldier was about to leave he put his glove on his right hand: "Vous n'avez jamais serré la main de personne", dit-il au Lépreux; "accordez-moi la faveur de serrer la mienne: c'est celle d'un ami". "You have never shaken hands with anyone, do me the favor of shaking mine, it is that of a friend." The leper drew back in fright and raising his hands towards Heaven exclaimed: "Dieu de bonté, comble de tes bénédictions cet homme compatissant!" "God of goodness, shower your blessings on this tender-hearted man."

As the soldier left, he asked the leper if he could not receive letters, thinking that this would serve as a distraction. After some reflection, the leper answered: "Pourquoi, chercherais-je à me faire illusion? Je ne dois avoir d'autre société que moi-même, d'autre ami que Dieu; nous reverrons en lui." "Why should I seek to deceive myself? I must have

no other companion but myself, no other friend but God. We shall see each other in Him."

"L'humble et vielle 'Tour du Lepreux'-où un pauvre homme, gémit, pleure, prie, en proie à la "lâcheté" humaine, où mieux à la touchante fragilité de la créature qui a besoin de son Dieu et qui a confiance de sa bonté, -abritera toujours plus d'âmes que la froide 'Tour d'Ivoire', du haut de laquelle des stoïques comme Alfred de Vigny, lui aussi grand poète de l'isolement et de la douleur, contemplent d'un regard fier et désolé "la majesté des souffrances humaines" sans lever leurs yeux vers un ciel d'où la Providence a été bannie". (Berthier p.258)

"The humble and old 'Tower of the Leper' where a poor man sighed, wept and prayed, a prey to human cowardice or rather to human weakness, who needed God and had confidence in His goodness-will always protect more souls than the cold 'Tower of Ivory' from the height of which, stoics like Alfred de Vigny, a great poet of isolation and of sorrow, contemplated with a proud and sad air the intensity of human suffering without raising their eyes towards Heaven from which Providence had been banished."

"Le Lépreux" is regarded as the master piece of Xavier de Maistre. The writer, even at this time, was so little known in France, that the work was attributed to his brother Joseph. Joseph, however, was particularly fond of it, and in one of his letters to the Marquis de Cossac he wrote: "Je suis charmé que vous ayez goûté "Le Lépreux", dont je suis grand partisan". "I am delighted that you enjoyed "The Leper" of which I hold a like opinion." Saint-Beuve tells us: "on relit le Lépreux, on ne l'analyse pas"- "one re-reads it, but does not analyze it."

M. Godefroy speaks of this work:

"L'émotion, quoique profonde, est contenue;

une pensée fortement religieuse se dégage du récit; le style est calme et vrai, sans affectation ni ostentation. Là rien de romanesque ni de fantaisiste; c'est le ton humain, l'expression naïve et parfaite de la réalité."

"Emotion, although deep, is restrained; a deeply religious sentiment runs through the story; the style is easy and true, unaffected and unadorned. Nothing romantic or fantastic, it has the human touch, the simple and perfect expression of reality...."

"The Leper" found its way into the hearts of all and has, more than any other work, contributed to the fame of Xavier de Maistre. M. de Mareste writing to M. de Maistre in regard to the *Lépreux* says: "J'ai reconnu une vive étincelle de ce qu'on appelle ici le genre vrai, non imité et dégagé de tout convention" (Maistre & Perrin- April 1824 p.36) "I recognized a bright spark of what is called here the romantic style and which I call simply the true style, not copied, and free from all artificiality."

Of this work M. Patin says:

"M. de Maistre a su peindre, dans cette admirable production, l'un des sentiments les plus profonds, les plus universels de notre nature, et, qui sans doute ne peut jamais se produire avec plus de force, éveiller une plus vive sympathie, dans cet isolement cruel auquel le sort condamne quelques infortunés. Quel sujet plus attachant et plus élevé que celui qui nous intéresse, comme hommes, du malheur d'une créature excluë du commerce de ses semblables, et qui même, selon la désolante expression de l'auteur n'a plus de 'semblable dans le monde?' Patin p.237)

"M. de Maistre has painted in this wonderful work, one of the deepest and most universal feelings of human nature, which doubtless can never be more

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"Another, although less, is ...
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"The paper" found its way into the hands of all and was
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forcibly portrayed. He has awakened a deep sympathy for this cruel isolation to which fate condemns some unfortunate people. What subject more touching and more noble than one which interests us, as men, in the misfortune of a creature excluded from human intercourse and, who even, according to the sad expression of the author, has no longer one like himself in the world."

IV. LATER WORKS OF XAVIER DE MAISTRE

We are indebted to Xavier de Maistre not only for the charming prose works of which we have just treated, but also for a large number of poems.

These latter works the author refused to have published, saying: "la mode avait change." "Le Papillon" is practically the best known among his poems, and in beauty of form and delicacy of feeling, Sainte-Beuve declares it in no way inferior to his other writings. A prisoner's story of a butterfly entering his prison cell in Siberia inspired the poem. Xavier de Maistre imagined himself the butterfly and entitled the poem: "Le Papillon".

"Quant aux poètes savoisiens Xavier de Maistre est incontestablement de leur famille, et de deux manières: D'abord il travaille avec assez de souplesse 'dans le genre' de poésie qui obtient du succès en France. En second lieu lorsqu'il veut bien être lui ce qui lui arrive surtout lorsqu'il poétise en prose...sa poésie est remarquable, surtout par le sens de la mesure, une certaine douceur souriante, qui s'insinue dans l'âme du lecteur pour la pacifier. (Berthier p.27)

"As regards the Savoyan poets Xavier de Maistre is unquestionably one of them and for two reasons: First of all, he works with enough facility in the poetic style which won success in France. In the second place, when he wants to be really himself, which always happens when he becomes poetic in prose, his poetry is remarkable especially for its pleasing and harmonious meter which unconsciously impregnates and pacifies the mind of the reader."

Henry Bordeaux speaking of the poetry of Xavier de Maistre

says:

"Les grands éclats de lyrisme ne conviennent pas à cette âme savoisienne; sa poésie naturelle est une poésie plus profonde que violente et toujours tempérée par un sens judicieux."

"Lyrical outbursts do not find place in this Savoyan soul: his natural poetry is more profound than violent and is always tempered by good judgment."

The letters of Xavier de Maistre form an interesting chapter in his life, that life about which we would know practically nothing were it not for these written thoughts. Because of this fact we present a few of them for consideration, in order that they might reveal to us Xavier de Maistre, the man, in the last years of his life. These letters date from 1828 to 1852, most of which were written from Italy to his intimate friends M. et Mme. de Marcellus. The years which Xavier de Maistre spent in Italy were among the happiest of his life.

He was now completely changed. Old age had already begun to imprint its character upon him; physical suffering, grief at the loss of family and friends, and even political pre-occupations had changed his disposition. He became at times a victim of sadness and melancholy. He wrote at one time in 1835: "Si vous saviez ce que c'est que l'apathie insurmontable des vieux qui ne savent se décider à rien, qui renvoient tout à demain, comme s'ils avaient beaucoup de demains à dépenser." (E. Réaume II, p.74) "If you knew the unconquerable indolence of old people who can decide nothing,

who put off everything until tomorrow as if they had many tomorrows to enjoy."

More and more his thoughts reverted to the past, and the future for him was non-existent. He writes from Naples in 1837:

"Je me vois resté seul d'une nombreuse famille; tous mes contemporains ont disparu; je les ai vu sombrer l'un après l'autre dans cette mer sur laquelle ma barque fracassée surnage encore. Lorsque je repasse dans ma mémoire les événements passés, je cherche à me rappeler tant de visages bienveillants, ces sourires des soeurs, ces jours d'arrivée, ces chimères d'esperances, pour un avenir qui n'existe plus que dans ma mémoire, alors je cherche autour de moi et ne trouve plus personne à qui je puisse dire: 'Te souviens-tu?' Tous les échos de ma jeunesse sont muets, et je n'entends plus que le bruit imperceptible de ma vie, dont le reste tombe goutte à goutte dans l'éternité." (E. Réaume II, p.82)

"I am the last of a large family; all my contemporaries have disappeared; I have seen them go down one after another into this sea on which my shattered bark still floats. When I think of the past, I try to recall the many kind faces, the loving smiles, the mail days, the imaginary hopes for a future, which no longer exists except in memory; then I look around me and I find no one to whom I can say: 'Do you remember?' All echoes of my youth are silent and I hear only the imperceptible noise of my life, which is falling drop by drop into eternity."

The death of his last child in Italy caused him great grief, but he was not utterly dejected by suffering; he knew how to bear it bravely. His stay at Naples now became intolerable, and he left there in July 1838 to return to Russia. He stopped at Paris where he remained until April 1839, when he felt that he must take back his wife to the country from which he had brought her.

Old age continued to do its work, and, as a consequence, Xavier de Maistre became more and more enfeebled. In 1846 he wrote: "Je souffre plus encore moralement que physiquement en voyant mes facultés intellectuelles s'affaiblir de jour en jour; ma mémoire qui a toujours été très faible, s'affaiblit chaque jour davantage" (Réaume II. p.198)

"I suffer mentally more than physically on seeing my mind grow weaker from day to day; my memory, which was always very weak, grows weaker each day." His wife to whom he was fondly devoted, supported him in his sufferings and helped to lighten the burden of his old age. Xavier speaks thus of her care of him:

"Sans les tendres soins de ma chère Sophie, qui pense et agit pour moi, sans le souvenir de mes amis absents et les témoignages d'amitié que j'en reçois de temps en temps, je cesserais bien vite d'exister, et comme la lampe des vierges folles, je m'éteindrais faute d'huile." (Réaume II, p.180)

"Without the loving care of my dear Sophie who thinks and acts for me, without the remembrance of my absent friends, and the proofs of their friendship which I receive from time to time, I would certainly cease to live, and like the lamps of the foolish virgins I would die for lack of oil."

Mme. de Maistre died in 1851. Xavier was left alone, but the friends that his wife had given him soon came to his support and provided for his care. His own great sorrow made him share intimately in the sorrows of his friends, and he wrote to Mme. de Marcellus in 1852, on the death of her mother-in-law:

"J'ai été moi-même, très maltraité dans toutes mes affections, et l'éternelle séparation de toutes les personnes de ma famille que je suis condamné à ne plus revoir n'est pas un des

moindres malheurs. J'ai bien ici quelques amis qui m'aident à soutenir le poids de ma vieillesse, mais je trouve toujours au fond de mon coeur un découragement qui rien ne peut dissiper. Les amis se succèdent mais ne se remplacent jamais." (Réaume Vol. II, p. 215)

"I myself have been treated harshly in all my affections, and the eternal separation from all members of my family, whom I am destined to see no more, is not the least of my misfortunes. I have, indeed, friends who help me bear the weight of my old age, but in the depths of my heart I always feel a discouragement which nothing can dispel. Friends succeed one another, but they never replace one another."

For a long time Xavier de Maistre was ready for death. As early as 1836 we find him writing from Italy:

"Dans les dix ans que j'ai passé après avoir quitté la Russie, deux soeurs et un frère qui me restaient m'ont précédé et m'ont laissé seul de ma génération comme une feuille unique qui tient encore à l'arbre desséché en hiver. J'attends le coup de vent qui doit m'emporter avec les autres."

"In the ten years that have passed since I left Russia, two sisters and one brother who were left to me have died, leaving me alone like a single leaf which still clings to a dried up tree in winter. I am waiting for the squall which will carry me away with the others."

In the Expedition we find him comparing his life to a broken vessel still floating on a troubled sea. Now that his dear earthly companion had left him, he ardently wished to be united with her once again in a land which knows no separation. He lost his memory completely after the death of his wife, but he never forgot his own family, Chambéry and Savoie, all so dear to him.

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He himself died the following year, 1852, and his death was as calm and peaceful as his life had been. In death, as in life, he was proud to be the brother of the great philosopher, Joseph de Maistre, and his tomb stone, in accordance with his request bore only the simple inscription: "Xavier, frère de Joseph de Maistre".

Xavier de Maistre lived with one aim in view: to bring love and happiness to all those who came within the radius of his influence. He himself expresses and expands this thought very beautifully in his letter to M. Charpentier:

"Aimer et être aimé des personnes qui doivent nous survivre est tout le bonheur que l'on puisse espérer dans ce monde, et, si l'on peut encore contribuer à leur bien-être, c'est la plus noble tâche que nous puissions nous imposer."

"To love and to be loved by those who will live after us is all the happiness that one can hope for in this world, and to contribute, if possible, to their well-being is the noblest task that we can impose upon ourselves."

He himself died the following year, 1892, and his death was
as soon and peaceful as his life had been. In 1892, as in 1881,
he was found to be the brother of the great philosopher, located
to himself, and his tomb alone, in attendance with his remains
both with his simple inscription: "Evelyn, 1881-1892" as though he
lived.

Never as before lived with one in view: to bring love
and happiness to all those who were within the radius of his in-
fluence. He himself expressed and expanded this thought very
clearly in his letter to the President:

"I have not yet said the greatest and noblest
thing which has ever been said in the world, and which
should be said to all men, and which I am now saying
to you. It is this: 'Love is the greatest and noblest
thing which has ever been said in the world.'"

"To love and to be loved by those who will live
after us is all the happiness that one can hope for
in this world, and to contribute, if possible, to
their well-being is the noblest task that we can in-
volve ourselves in."

V. THE PHILOSOPHY OF XAVIER DE MAISTRE

Xavier de Maistre, as we well know, was not a philosopher in the strict sense of the word. We find in his works, however, a philosophy which is wholly his own, and which for this reason is called "Maistrienne". The depth of ideas is practically the same as that found in the works of his brother Joseph, the true philosopher. Xavier's philosophy is less profound than that of his brother, but for this very reason we find him more accessible to readers. "Sa philosophie est sans prétention, à son usage personnel, tirée non des livres, mais de son coeur, de sa propre vie, des émotions de l'heure présente, du fond de ses entrailles." (E. Réaume- Oeuvres inédites p. LI Vol.I) "His philosophy is unaffected, in accordance with his personal views, drawn not from books but from his heart, from his own life, from the emotions of the time, from the depths of his feeling." Through his works we find several points of resemblance to the philosophy of his brother, as expressed in "Les Soirées de Saint-Pétersbourg", a series of talks on the government of Providence in temporal affairs.

In the general character of his works, Xavier de Maistre shares the feelings of his brother, particularly in the field of morals and philosophy. Xavier says:

"Mon frère et moi, nous étions comme les deux aiguilles d'une même montre; il était la grande, je n'étais que la petite; mais nous marquions la

même heure quoique d'une manière différente."

"My brother and I were like the two hands of the same clock; he was the large hand, and I, only the small; but we marked the same hour, although in a different way."

After reflecting for a few minutes it will undoubtedly be seen that this "hour" for each of them was "Providence". In the "Voyage autour de ma Chambre, Chapter XVI we read: "Je ne crois point au hasard, à ce triste systeme, à ce mot qui ne signifie rien--Je croirais plutôt au magnetisme....Non je n'y croirai jamais." "I do not believe in chance, in that melancholy system--in that word which means nothing. I would rather believe in magnetism. No, I will never believe in it."

In one of his letters to M. Hüber Saladin he writes from Rome: "J'aime la liberté toute faite parce qu'elle vient de Dieu, et je déteste cordialement la liberté que les hommes veulent faire, parce qu'ils n'en ont ⁿⁱ le droit ni les moyens." "I like ready-made liberty because it comes from God, and I heartily detest man-made liberty because men have neither the right nor the means to make it."

In Chapter XXXI of the "Expédition Nocturne" he says:

"Je crois à une providence divine qui conduit les hommes par des moyens inconnus. Chaque instant de notre existence est une création nouvelle, un acte de la toute-puissante volonté-----attribuer les événements de notre vie au hasard serait le comble de la folie."

"I believe in a divine Providence which leads men by unknown means. Each moment of our existence is a new creation, an act of the all-powerful willto attribute the events of life to chance

would be the height of folly."

"La Jeune Sibérienne" is filled with the idea of Providence. The very thought of her enterprise, Prascovie attributed to Providence,

"Elle racontait elle-même qu'un jour cette heureuse pensée se présenta à elle comme un éclair, au moment où elle achevait ses prières, et lui causa un trouble inexprimable. Elle a toujours été persuadée que ce fut une inspiration de la Providence, et cette ferme confiance la soutint dans la suite au milieu des circonstances les plus décourageantes."

"She said herself that one day this happy thought came to her like a flash, just as she was finishing her prayers, and caused her untold trouble. She was always persuaded that this was an inspiration of Providence and this strong confidence sustained her in the midst of the most discouraging circumstances."

This idea of Providence is not less visible in "Le Lépreux de la cité d'Aoste", the choice work of Xavier de Maistre. It is in this work particularly that we find passages corresponding in thought with those of "Les Soirées". Speaking of physical suffering in general, Joseph de Maistre says:

"Il n'y a pas un vice, pas un crime, pas une passion désordonnée, qui ne produise dans l'ordre physique un effet plus ou moins funeste, plus ou moins éloigné.....Le divin Maître avant de guérir les malades qui lui étaient présentés, ne manquait jamais de remettre leurs péchés... et qu'y a-t-il encore de plus marquant que ce qu'il dit au lépreux: 'Vous voyez que je vous ai guéri: prenez garde maintenant de ne plus pécher, de peur qu'il ne vous arrive pis?'" (Premier Entretien p. 50)

"There is not a vice, a crime, nor a disordered passion which does not produce a more or less fatal or remote result in the physical order. The divine

Master before curing the sick who were brought to Him never failed to forgive their sins: and what words more striking than those which he addressed to the leper: 'Behold I have cured you; see that you sin no more lest some worse thing happen to you.'

Even in his sufferings the Leper of Aoste did not lose sight of God's loving Providence. Add to his physical sufferings the agony of a perpetual isolation, and we can understand the loneliness of a loving soul who had no one to love. In spite of his torments no word of blasphemy ever escaped his lips. He found his consolation in prayer, and at the death of his sister, he sent her beautiful soul to Heaven on the wings of prayer. This loving sister so faithful in life did not abandon her afflicted brother even after death. Was it not through the powerful influence of her prayer, manifested by the presence of the crucifix which she had left for him, that her brother was delivered from the awful consequences of a suicide which would have been the inevitable result of his discouragement and despondency? "More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of." (Tennyson)

The leper tells us:

"Je marchais une nuit à grands pas dans ma cellule, tourmenté de douleurs affreuses. Au milieu de la nuit, m'étant assis un instant pour me reposer, j'entendis un bruit léger à l'entrée de ma chambre. J'approche, je prête l'oreille: c'était ma soeur qui priait Dieu en dehors du seuil de ma porte. Elle avait entendu mes plaintes. Sa tendresse lui avait fait craindre de me troubler; mais elle venait pour être à portée de me secourir au besoin. Je l'entendis qui récitait à voix basse le 'Miserere'. Je me mis à genoux près de la porte, et sans l'interrompre, je suivis mentalement ses paroles.....sa prière fut exaucée, car je dormis

enfin quelques heures d'un sommeil tranquille."

"I was walking one night very quickly in my cell, suffering frightful pains. At mid-night, after I had sat down a moment to rest, I heard a slight noise at the door of my room. I drew near and listened....it was my sister praying outside the door. She had heard my groaning. She feared to disturb me; but she came in order to be near enough to help me if I needed anything. I heard her reciting the 'Miserere' in a low voice. I knelt near the door and without interrupting her, I followed her words mentally....Her prayer was heard for after that I slept peacefully for some time."

Joseph de Maistre thus expressed this same idea--

"Je comprends parfaitement non pas seulement que la prière est utile en général pour écarter le mal physique, mais qu'elle en est le véritable antidote, le spécifique naturel et que par essence elle tend à le détruire." (Cinquième Entretien p.300)

"I understand well that prayer is not only useful to ward off physical evil but that it is the real antidote for it, the natural remedy and that in itself it tends to destroy it."

In the Quatrième Entretien he says: "

"L'on peut et l'on doit assurer, en général que tout mal physique est un châtement--Les fléaux sont destinés à nous battre; et nous sommes battus parce que nous le (le châtement) méritons. Nous pouvions sans doute ne pas le mériter, et même après l'avoir mérité, nous pouvons obtenir grâce. L'innocence pouvait le prévenir (le châtement) la prière peut l'écarter." (p.276)

"It can be and ought to be affirmed that in general, every physical evil is a punishment. Scourges are destined to strike us; punishment is inflicted because we deserve it. We can, to be sure, not deserve it and even after having deserved it, we can obtain pardon. Innocence can prevent it, prayer can dispel it."

And again he says: "La prière est la respiration de l'âme et qui ne prie plus, ne vit plus." (Quatrième entretien p.245) "Prayer is the life of the soul and he who no longer prays, no longer lives."

The happiness of the leper is no doubt due to the calm which religion gives him and to the holiness which reigns in his soul as an effect of constant prayer. His spirit of prayer links him with the souls of his dear ones who have gone before him for it is by the means of prayer that

"the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God."

(Tennyson)

In "Les Soirées"- Huitième Entretien, we read:

Il me semble qu'il n'y aurait rien de si infortuné qu'un homme qui n'aurait jamais éprouvé l'infortune: car jamais un tel homme ne pourrait être sûr de lui-même, ni savoir ce qu'il vaut. Les souffrances sont pour l'homme vertueux ce que les combats sont pour le militaire: elles le perfectionnent et accumulent ses mérites. Le brave s'est-il jamais plaint à l'armée d'être toujours choisi pour les expéditions les plus hasardeuses? Il les recherche au contraire et s'en fait gloire.....Si le brave remercie le general qui l'envoie à l'assaut, pourquoi ne remercierait-il pas de même Dieu qui le fait souffrir?....Quel libertin a jamais trouvé l'opulente courtisane, qui dort à minuit sur l'édredon plus heureuse que l'austère carmélite, qui veille et qui prie pour nous à la même heure?" (p.102 Vol.II)

"It seems to me that there could be nothing so unfortunate as a man who has never experienced misfortune: for such a man can never be sure of himself nor know his worth. Sufferings are for the virtuous man what battles are for the soldier: they perfect him and heap up merit for him. Does the

brave soldier ever complain of being always chosen for the most dangerous expeditions? On the contrary he seeks them and glories in them. If the brave soldier thanks the general for sending him to battle why should he not likewise thank God who causes him to suffer? What libertine ever found the wealthy man sleeping at mid-night on eider-down happier than the strict carmelite who, at the same hour, watches and prays for us?"

Again in the Troisième Entretien:

"Il n'y a pas d'erreur plus commune que celle de prendre une bénédiction pour un disgrâce.....la vertu a tous les succès qu'il lui est permis de désirer; et quand elle en aurait moins, rien ne manquerait encore à l'homme juste puisqu'il lui resterait la paix, la paix du coeur! trésor inestimable, santé de l'âme, charme de la vie, qui tient lieu de tout, et qui rien ne peut remplacer? (p.211, Vol.II)

"There is no more common error than that of taking a blessing for a curse.....virtue has all the success that it can desire and when it has less the just man still lacks nothing since he has peace of heart which is an invaluable treasure, the health of the soul and the delight of life, which takes the place of everything and which nothing can replace.

VI. CONCLUSION

The works of Xavier de Maistre have won for him a foremost place in the literature of the first half of the nineteenth century. This place is rightly due him because of the quality of his style: simplicity, elegance, clearness, and also because of the sentiments expressed in his writings which are subordinated to truth and leave nothing but sound and wholesome thoughts in the minds of his readers.

Although not a Frenchman by birth, Xavier de Maistre is looked upon as being truly French, a model of French style and diction. To Russia as well as to France, he belongs by adoption and in both countries he is held in high esteem. Posterity is indebted to him and young writers can well afford to look upon him as a model of style, thought and diction.

M. Berthier expresses very well the profit which later writers and even readers may derive from a perusal of his works:

"Les amateurs du monde entier feront donc bien de se mettre sous l'égide de Xavier de Maistre, qui est vraiment leur roi et leur modèle. Ils apprendront de lui, pour tout faire avec grâce à se rendre exactement compte de leurs forces et de la nature de leur talent; à ne pas s'illusionner sur la valeur de leurs productions ... à ne pas s'imaginer que la littérature soit la seule occupation intelligente, le seul plaisir délicat de ce monde; à ne pas se hâter dans l'élaboration de leurs chefs-d'oeuvre, à ne pas secouer trop souvent ni trop tôt les arbres de leur petit jardin, mais d'attendre avec une

voluptueuse indolence, que le fruit mûrisse tranquillement sur sa branche et s'y dore aux rayons du bon soleil...Ils apprendront de lui qu'en dehors des centres littéraires, on peut encore faire quelque chose.....Ils apprendront de lui le culte du bon sens qui se cabre en présence de toutes les exagérations, le charme de l'esprit et la vertu du sourire. Ils apprendront de lui à perfectionner leur âme avant de perfectionner leur littérature; car, si chez lui, le littérature est exquis, c'est que l'homme était délicieux; simple, naturel et vrai."

"The inexperienced ones of the world will do well to place themselves under the protection of Xavier de Maistre who is really their king and their model. They will learn from him to do everything becomingly; to give an exact account of their skill and of the nature of their talent; not to deceive themselves concerning the value of their works;not to imagine that literature is the only intelligent work, the only refined pleasure in this world; not to hurry in the elaboration of their master-pieces, not to shake the trees of their little garden too often or too soon but to wait with a pleasurable indolence until the fruit quietly ripens on its branch and becomes golden in the rays of the bright sun. They will learn from him that something else can be done outside the literary world..... They will learn the cultivation of good sense which calls forth in the presence of every conceivable circumstance, the charm of wit and the power of a smile. They will learn to perfect their soul before perfecting their literature; for if the literature of Xavier de Maistre is refined, it is because the man himself was pleasing, that is: simple, natural and true."

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